

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN,

AND

Spectator of Books, Science, the Arts, Drama, &c.

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN is published early on Friday afternoon, and may always be had of the Newsmen and Booksellers, with the Evening Papers. The Monthly Parts are particularly adapted for Country readers.

No. 28.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1832.

[PRICE 3d.]

SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.

MR. GALT'S NEW NOVEL.

Stanley Buxton; or, the School Fellows. By the author of the "Annals of the Parish," &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. GALT is a clever man (in his line who cleverer?) and a sensible man. He has the sense to know his own merit, and to stand equally independent of friend and foe;—fearless of criticism, and far above the reach of puffery. His present three-tomed offspring steals before us quite unawares—like an old friend sure of a welcome, dispensing with the rat-tatting of daily paragraph, the bell-clanking of the *Court Journal*, nay, unintroduced even by the lackey-like *Gazette*, to the sanctuary of our fire-side circle. Yet is he none the less heartily welcomed, none the less kindly do we grasp him in our hand,—tear off his outer coating, and turning his back to the smiling blaze, scorch him thoroughly in true English fashion,—whilst we listen, and look, and laugh in social converse. Seriously speaking,—Mr. Galt has done himself infinite credit, not only in his work, but in the way in which he has chosen to produce it, an example which we hope will not fail of imitation in some other "great names" we could mention.

Mr. Galt has here attempted a new and we think a difficult class of fictitious writing,—truth;—not of fact and date, but of character. The generality of every-day people are very ordinary sort of characters,—too often having no character at all to boast of, and as a mass, supremely stupid. To make any thing amusing out of these ordinary materials requires no ordinary skill and taste;—to run over the smooth career of unproductive non-entity, and yet not sleep or tarry by the road, is something to boast of. And Mr. Galt succeeds in this in a very peculiar way;—he will take the very simplest going people, and yet fix some mark upon them whereby to distinguish them amongst a crowd of similarly simple people,—he will travel on the barren road of life, yet find some fact or feature by the wayside, on which to thread his narrative,—and with peculiarly cunning handicraft, clenching his little dry joke, at points where it was least expected, carries on his reader in one continued course of expectation and surprise. He is sarcastic, yet so goodnaturedly, that the very man who might cry "that was levelled at me," will enjoy the sport, and join in the laugh. In proof of this, take we our author himself, and see how pleasantly he flings at the Scotch, being a bonny Scot himself.

"The Schoolfellows" here recorded are Willy Ralston, a young laird, and Harry Franks, "the son of a London merchant, whom experience had taught to have a high respect for the Scottish system of education, which in his opinion tended to sharpen the wits of those with whom he had occasional dealings." These youths swear an eternal friendship, and enjoy the discipline of Mr. Palmer, *alias* "Dominie Palmy," for three long years, then are removed to the colleges of Glasgow and Oxford, and finally settle down to their several avocations in life. Willy Ralston, on the death of his father, taking up his abode at Gowans, his paternal estate, under the kind surveillance of Miss Sibby Ruart, an old Scotch relation, and bidding fair to blossom forth a perfect specimen of happy bachelorship;—Harry Franks, perching himself on the high stool of fortune in his father's counting-house. Stanley Buxton is a young college acquaintance, who just now succeeds to the title, though scarcely to the estates, and not at all to the prerogatives, of the head of the house of Errington. There is a mystery about this hero;—the harsh and unaccountable vagaries of his mother;—the familiarities and strange conduct of his father's late valet Howard; and the conspiracy between all these parties to unite the young lord to Maria Howard, a young girl of his own age, for whom his mother had always shown a strange and affectionate regard. Stanley refuses this proposed match, and is persecuted into a miserable state of existence;—he sends and writes to his friend Franks, who writes to Ralston; and all these letters, which fall in pretty thickly, develop the early part of the story.

The arrival of the first of these letters causes a considerable ferment in the matronly bosom of Miss Sibby Ruart, who is not satisfied till she has read the contents, and then hearing that the Dominie's wife, who is the sister of Howard's wife, has also received a letter from London, she is thrown into a fresh attack of fever, resolving to obtain this important document also. The manoeuvres of this eventful day are admirably detailed:—

"The laird was in the field, in arms against the partridges, by break of day, and Miss Sibby, a full hour before her wonted time, had rung her bell and ordered breakfast, dressed for the intended visit.

"The day is overcast, and it threatens rain," said she, apprehensively to the kettle-bearer, as she infused the tea, throwing at the same time a glance at the window and the landscape beyond, where the shadows of the September clouds were swiftly in succession coursing over it; and, as she

replaced the canister in the tea-chest, and the spoon with which she lifted the fragrant herb back in her own saucer, she threw another inquiring look at the window, adding—"Set the umbrella ready, and my pattens at the door, for I fear the roads are dubby." She then engaged herself, with rather more than her usual activity, in the decomposition of the breakfast ingredients, and was soon on the path across the bean-field which led from the house of Gowans to the village.

"The appearance of Miss Sibby was in accordance with the occasion, the localities of the place, and the character of the weather. She had obviously some business in hand, for, when the path allowed, she took off her pattens and carried them, which showed that she was impelled by a haste that would not brook a dainty picking of her steps. Her bonnet was not her best; its church-going days were over, and it was adorned with washen ribbons, of a dark lilac-colour, dyed with ink. Nor was her shawl the beautiful yellow cashmere that her cousin the colonel sent from India, but an imitation from the Paisley looms, a handsomer pattern, however, though only of cotton. Her gown was an Irish ruby-coloured poplin, which had belonged to her mother, brought again into vogue, by ever-revolving fashion. It looked quite as well as a morine at a distance, and in the country every one does not know the difference between that stuff and a poplin.

"When Miss Sibby was half-way across the field, the skirt of a showery squall met her full in the face, and obliged her to spread the umbrella, and to mount her pattens. It required, indeed, both valour of heart and strength of hand to push the umbrella against the wind, which, sometimes a little overly obstreperous, tumbled up and meddled with Miss Sibby's sacred petticoats in the most unruly manner. However, she reached the stile at the end of the field after a hard struggle, but in mounting to step over into the road, the blast lost all shame, and Mr. Palmer's boys happening to be passing to school, seeing her standing on the stile like a full-blown tulip, her hems above the bows of her bonnet, gave a licentious shout at the sight of her affliction. Thus it came to pass, that when she reached the academy house, with the two trees and parterre in front, she was in such a state of agitation, occasioned by the irreverent blast and brats, as by breathless panting, haste, terror, and outraged modesty, to be for some time unable to execute the purposes of her visit.

"When at last her disturbance had subsided, Mrs. Palmer said that it was extra-

EDWARD LACEY, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL PRINTSELLER, STATIONER, PUBLISHER, AND DEALER IN ANNUALS.

The CHART of HEALTH and DOMESTIC MEDICAL GUIDE. New and improved edition, price 6d. on a large sheet.

The STRANGER'S GUIDE THROUGH LONDON, useful to all Visitors, with a Map and Plates, price 2s. 9d.

LACEY'S NEW PROGRESSIVE DRAWING BOOK, in 26 Numbers, at 6d. each, containing 300 subjects of general interest.

The OXFORD DRAWING-BOOK, containing 107 sheets of Lithographic Drawings, with copious instructions, complete, price 10s. 6d.

LACEY'S New and Improved MAP of LONDON with upwards of 300 references, price 1s. or neatly coloured, 1s. 6d.

A very large assortment of Plates from the Annuals, the best impressions, 2s., 3s., 4. 6d., and 6s. a dozen.

BEAUTIES of ENGLAND and WALES, a Series of 400 Svo. Views of all the principal Places in Great Britain, 1s. a-dozen, or 5s. a-hundred, assorted in Counties.

ONE HUNDRED CUTS to the COMIC ANNUAL, beautifully printed on two large sheets, price 6d. each sheet.

LACEY'S SOCIAL SONGSTER, containing many hundred new and favourite Songs, with 50 humorous Cuts, in Cruikshank's style, in three neat volumes, price 1s. each.

The CITIES of ENGLAND, beautifully engraved, 1s. each.

PORTRAITS of Public Characters, on Steel, 1d. each, or 9d. a-dozen.

LITHOGRAPHIC SHEETS for TRANSFERRING, &c. 6d. a sheet.

A large variety of colored Lithographic Drawings for Scrap Books, Albums, Fancy Collections, &c. &c. 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each.

All Orders, of whatever magnitude, whether for home trade or exportation, will be executed with the utmost promptitude, and on the lowest possible terms. EDWARD LACEY takes this opportunity of informing his friends in the trade, and the public generally, that, owing to his extremely small profits, and having reduced his prices, so as to supply every article considerably under the usual charges, he is compelled to have no credit accounts whatever, and can do business for ready money only, but so low as cannot fail to give universal satisfaction.

All Orders from the Country to contain a remittance, or an order for payment in London; and E. L. requests that when under 2l. they may be postage-free.

* * * Prints, Books of Prints, Annuals, and Stationery Stock, in any quantity, Bought or Exchanged.

EDWARD LACEY begs the attention of the Public to the annexed List of Annuals, of which he has purchased the entire Stock, or a very large quantity, and offers them complete, and elegantly bound, and at the following low prices. Schools and the Trade supplied.

THE WREATH OF FRIENDSHIP, Ten fine Plates, beautifully bound in Maroon embossed Morocco, gilt, &c. only 5s.

THE CABINET OF LITERARY GEMS, With eleven beautiful Steel Engravings, bound in Arabesque plum-coloured Morocco, gilt edges, &c. 5s.

THE CHRISTIAN FORGET-ME-NOT, Handsomely bound in Mulberry watered Silk, gilt edges, &c. illustrated with eight Steel Plates, 3s. 6d.

THE EMMANUEL, Seven Plates, bound in Buff Satin, post, gilt edges, &c. 2s. 6d.

SOUVENIR OF LITERATURE AND ART, Beautifully bound in Crimson watered Silk, gilt edges, &c. with 11 fine Engravings, 5s.

THE DRAMATIC ANNUAL, Edited by Frederic Reynolds, Esq. Half-bound in green Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, &c. &c. embellished with forty fine Cuts, &c. 3s. 6d.

THE NEW COMIC ANNUAL, Full bound in Morocco, gilt edges, &c. with One Hundred Cuts, in Cruikshank's style, only 4s. 6d.

THE REMEMBRANCE, Edited by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Elegantly bound in plum coloured Arabesque Morocco, gilt, &c. with thirteen beautiful Steel Plates, 6s.

THE GEM,

Re-illustrated with twelve Plates, handsomely bound in crimson Silk, gilt edges, &c. 5s.

THE OFFERING,

Beautifully bound in Emerald Green embossed Morocco, gilt, &c. with many fine Engravings, 4s.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL KEEPSAKE,

With fine Portraits on Steel, bound in green Satin, post, gilt, &c.; First Series, only 2s. 6d.; Second Series, only 2s. 6d.

LE KEEPSAKE FRANCAIS,

Most beautifully bound in Maroon Arabesque Morocco, gilt, &c. &c. with eighteen splendid Steel Engravings, only 7s. 6d. (published at one guinea.)

TALISMAN, OR ENGLISH KEEPSAKE, Bound in the same beautiful manner, with eighteen splendid Plates, only 9s. 6d. (published at one guinea.)

THE ANNIVERSARY,

Bound in green Silk, with twenty fine line Engravings by the first Artists, only 9s. 6d. (published at one guinea.)

THE AMULET,

Neatly bound, gilt, &c. with many fine Plates, for 1826, 3s. 6d.; for 1827, 4s.; for 1828, 4s. 6d.

THE IRIS,

Edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, A. M. Bound in superb maroon silk, richly watered, gilt edges, &c. &c.; illustrated with eleven exquisite engravings of Scripture Subjects, from grand paintings by the old Masters, for 1830, 4s. 6d.

The Iris, in the same beautiful style, for 1831, 4s. 6d.

THE FAMILY ALBUM,

Neatly bound in Amber and Blue, 2s. 6d.

THE MUSICAL ANNUALS,

4to., with many original Pieces by the most celebrated Composers, illustrated with beautiful Lithographic Drawings, 8s. 6d.

JUVENILE ANNUALS

AT ONE SHILLING EACH.

THE JUVENILE BIJOU,

Gilt, &c. with Plates.

THE JUVENILE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL,

With five Views, neatly bound, gilt, &c.

AT ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH.

THE PLEDGE OF AFFECTION,

With several fine Engravings, neatly bound, gilt edges, &c. &c.

THE JUVENILE OFFERING,

Neatly bound in green Satin post, gilt, &c. with Plates on Steel.

AT TWO SHILLINGS EACH.

THE JUVENILE GLEANER,

In Buff binding, gilt, &c. with interesting Engravings.

THE KEEPSAKE FOR THE YOUNG,

In the same style as the above.

THE PRESENT,

A Forget-Me-Not for the Young; handsomely bound in red Satin post, six fine Plates, &c., gilt, &c.

THE JUVENILE PICTURESQUE ANNUAL, Bound in green Satin post, illustrated with twelve fine Views of European Scenery.

THE JUVENILE REMEMBRANCE, Handsomely bound in red Satin post, gilt, &c. fine Engravings.

AFFECTION'S OFFERING,

Neatly bound, gilt, with six Cuts, &c.

THE LONDON NEW JUVENILE DRAWING-BOOK FOR 1832,

Containing Two Hundred progressive Lessons, by which Learners may teach themselves the Rudiments of Drawing, without the aid of a Master. In twelve Numbers, at 6d.; or neatly bound, 6s. complete.

The whole of these will be found the most suitable and acceptable Presents for the Young of both sexes, and, from their extreme cheapness, are well adapted for Christmas, Midsummer, Birthday Presents, and New Year's Gifts, and Rewards and Prizes generally.

WRITING PAPER AND MISCELLANEOUS STATIONERY.

	quire.	ream
	s. d.	s. d.
Useful Bath Post	0 4	6 6
Good ditto.....	0 6	8 9
Superfine hot-pressed ditto	0 8	11 9
London superfine ditto	0 10	15 0
Gilt superfine	0 10	15 0
Very best Gilt and Black-edged ..	1 0	18 0
Superfine Gilt Note.....	0 6	9 0
Hot-pressed, plain	0 5	7 9
Best thick Outsides	0 6	9 3
Good Copy.....	0 7	11 0
Very Superfine ditto	0 8	12 6
Very best lined Brief	1 4	22 6
Blue laid Post	0 8	12 6
Superfine ditto	0 10	14 0
Very best thick ditto	1 0	18 0
Fine Bank Post.....	1 0	17 0
Good Foolscap	0 9	14 0
Superior ditto	1 0	18 0
Very best Hot-pressed ditto	1 2	21 0
Superfine Outsides, Foolscap ..	0 7½	10 9
Fashionable Satin Post	1 0	15 6
Extra ditto ditto	1 3	18 6
Note ditto ditto	0 6	8 6
Best Tinted Post	1 3	18 6
Do. do. Note	0 9	11 6
Small ditto	0 6	8 6
Best Mourning Paper, with black border, three different widths ..	1 6	21 0
Ruled Music, Note, Ladies' Curling, and Tissue Papers, at very low prices.		

(Crimson, Rose Pink, &c. extra.)

Day Books, bound in parchment, ruled, &c. 2s. 6d. 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. each.

Cash Books, Ledgers, Journals, &c.

Brown Packing-Paper, 6d., 9d., and 1s. a quire.

Stout large ditto, 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. a quire.

Copy and Ciphering Books, very cheap.

Ruled Memorandum Books of all kinds.

Wax of all kinds.

Fancy Colours, 4s. 6d. per lb.

Wafers, best and common, 2s. 6d. per lb.

Marking Ink for Linen, 1s. 6d. per bottle.

Best Writing, 3½d. per bottle; Finest Red ditto, 4½d. ditto.

Red and Black Ink Powders, 4d. per packet.

Ladies' Pens, in boxes, 1s. per box.

School Pens, 1s. 9d. per 100; Good Quills, 2s. 6d.

Capital Office-Pens, 2s. 6d. per 100.

Pinions, 8d., 10d., and 1s. per ditto.

Slate Pencils, 6d. and 9d. per ditto.

Do. in Cedar, 1s. 3d. per dozen.

Superior Black-Lead Pencils, 3d. to 1s. 6d. ditto.

Best Drawing ditto of Seven Shades, 4s. 6d. ditto.

Brookman and Langdon's ditto.

Drawing-Paper, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. per quire.

Finest Bristol and London Boards.

Pasteboard of all Kinds.

Embossed Boards for Drawing.

Indian Rubber, Bottle and Patent.

Pen-Knives and Money-Bags.

Card-Cases and Pocket-Books, 6d. each.

Steel Pens, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per dozen.

School Slates, 2s. 6d. per dozen.

Lacey's best London editions of One-Shilling Spelling-Books, 8d. each, or 6s. 6d. per dozen.

Toy-Books and Primers.

Portfolios, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. each.

Writing, Music, and other Portfolios, various prices.

Ivory Reading-Hooks, 3d. each, 2s. 6d. per dozen.

Do. Folders, 6d., 9d., and 1s. each.

Albums, White, Tinted, & Gilt, 2s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. ea.

Do. elegantly Embossed, 9s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. each.

SCRAP BOOKS, of best Tinted Paper, beautifully bound in embossed Morocco, 9s. 6d. each; half bound, 4s. 9d. each.

London: Published by WILLIAM TINDALL, (every Saturday,) at the OFFICE, 3, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

Sold by F. C. Westley, 165, Strand; W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; G. Purkess, 61, Wardour Street; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; J. Thomas, Birchin Lane; J. Onwhyn, Catherine Street; and all Booksellers in Town and Country.

G. Davidson, Printer, Serle's Place, Carey Street.

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN,

AND

Spectator of Books, Science, the Arts, Drama, &c.

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN is published early on Friday afternoon, and may always be had of the Newsmen and Booksellers, with the Evening Papers. The Monthly Parts are particularly adapted for Country readers.

No. 28.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1832.

[PRICE 3d.]

SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.

MR. GALT'S NEW NOVEL.

Stanley Buxton; or, the School Fellows. By the author of the "Annals of the Parish," &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. GALT is a clever man (in his line who cleverer?) and a sensible man. He has the sense to know his own merit, and to stand equally independent of friend and foe;—fearless of criticism, and far above the reach of puffery. His present three-tomed offspring steals before us quite unawares—like an old friend sure of a welcome, dispensing with the rat-tatting of daily paragraph, the bell-clanking of the *Court Journal*, nay, un-introduced even by the lackey-like *Gazette*, to the sanctuary of our fire-side circle. Yet is he none the less heartily welcomed, none the less kindly do we grasp him in our hand,—tear off his outer coating, and turning his back to the smiling blaze, scorch him thoroughly in true English fashion,—whilst we listen, and look, and laugh in social converse. Seriously speaking,—Mr. Galt has done himself infinite credit, not only in his work, but in the way in which he has chosen to produce it, an example which we hope will not fail of imitation in some other "great names" we could mention.

Mr. Galt has here attempted a new and we think a difficult class of fictitious writing,—truth;—not of fact and date, but of character. The generality of every-day people are very ordinary sort of characters,—too often having no character at all to boast of, and as a mass, supremely stupid. To make any thing amusing out of these ordinary materials requires no ordinary skill and taste;—to run over the smooth career of unproductive non-entity, and yet not sleep or tarry by the road, is something to boast of. And Mr. Galt succeeds in this in a very peculiar way;—he will take the very simplest going people, and yet fix some mark upon them whereby to distinguish them amongst a crowd of similarly simple people,—he will travel on the barren road of life, yet find some fact or feature by the wayside, on which to thread his narrative,—and with peculiarly cunning handicraft, clenching his little dry joke, at points where it was least expected, carries on his reader in one continued course of expectation and surprise. He is sarcastic, yet so goodnaturedly, that the very man who might cry "that was levelled at me," will enjoy the sport, and join in the laugh. In proof of this, take we our author himself, and see how pleasantly he flings at the Scotch, being a bonny Scot himself.

"The Schoolfellows" here recorded are Willy Ralston, a young laird, and Harry Franks, "the son of a London merchant, whom experience had taught to have a high respect for the Scottish system of education, which in his opinion tended to sharpen the wits of those with whom he had occasional dealings." These youths swear an eternal friendship, and enjoy the discipline of Mr. Palmer, *alias* "Dominie Palmy," for three long years, then are removed to the colleges of Glasgow and Oxford, and finally settle down to their several avocations in life. Willy Ralston, on the death of his father, taking up his abode at Gowans, his paternal estate, under the kind surveillance of Miss Sibby Ruart, an old Scotch relation, and bidding fair to blossom forth a perfect specimen of happy bachelorship;—Harry Franks, perching himself on the high stool of fortune in his father's counting-house. Stanley Buxton is a young college acquaintance, who just now succeeds to the title, though scarcely to the estates, and not at all to the prerogatives, of the head of the house of Errington. There is a mystery about this hero;—the harsh and unaccountable vagaries of his mother;—the familiarities and strange conduct of his father's late valet Howard; and the conspiracy between all these parties to unite the young lord to Maria Howard, a young girl of his own age, for whom his mother had always shown a strange and affectionate regard. Stanley refuses this proposed match, and is persecuted into a miserable state of existence;—he sends and writes to his friend Franks, who writes to Ralston; and all these letters, which fall in pretty thickly, develop the early part of the story.

The arrival of the first of these letters causes a considerable ferment in the matronly bosom of Miss Sibby Ruart, who is not satisfied till she has read the contents, and then hearing that the Dominie's wife, who is the sister of Howard's wife, has also received a letter from London, she is thrown into a fresh attack of fever, resolving to obtain this important document also. The manœuvres of this eventful day are admirably detailed:—

"The laird was in the field, in arms against the partridges, by break of day, and Miss Sibby, a full hour before her wonted time, had rung her bell and ordered breakfast, dressed for the intended visit.

"The day is overcast, and it threatens rain," said she, apprehensively to the kettle-bearer, as she infused the tea, throwing at the same time a glance at the window and the landscape beyond, where the shadows of the September clouds were swiftly in succession coursing over it; and, as she

replaced the canister in the tea-chest, and the spoon with which she lifted the fragrant herb back in her own saucer, she threw another inquiring look at the window, adding—"Set the umbrella ready, and my pattens at the door, for I fear the roads are dubby." She then engaged herself, with rather more than her usual activity, in the decomposition of the breakfast ingredients, and was soon on the path across the bean-field which led from the house of Gowans to the village.

"The appearance of Miss Sibby was in accordance with the occasion, the localities of the place, and the character of the weather. She had obviously some business in hand, for, when the path allowed, she took off her pattens and carried them, which showed that she was impelled by a haste that would not brook a dainty picking of her steps. Her bonnet was not her best; its church-going days were over, and it was adorned with washen ribbons, of a dark lilac-colour, dyed with ink. Nor was her shawl the beautiful yellow cashmere that her cousin the colonel sent from India, but an imitation from the Paisley looms, a handsomer pattern, however, though only of cotton. Her gown was an Irish ruby-coloured poplin, which had belonged to her mother, brought again into vogue, by ever-revolving fashion. It looked quite as well as a morine at a distance, and in the country every one does not know the difference between that stuff and a poplin.

"When Miss Sibby was half-way across the field, the skirt of a showery squall met her full in the face, and obliged her to spread the umbrella, and to mount her pattens. It required, indeed, both valour of heart and strength of hand to push the umbrella against the wind, which, sometimes a little overly obstreperous, tumbled up and meddled with Miss Sibby's sacred petticoats in the most unruly manner. However, she reached the stile at the end of the field after a hard struggle, but in mounting to step over into the road, the blast lost all shame, and Mr. Palmer's boys happening to be passing to school, seeing her standing on the stile like a full-blown tulip, her hems above the bows of her bonnet, gave a licentious shout at the sight of her affliction. Thus it came to pass, that when she reached the academy house, with the two trees and parterre in front, she was in such a state of agitation, occasioned by the irreverent blast and brats, as by breathless panting, haste, terror, and outraged modesty, to be for some time unable to execute the purposes of her visit.

"When at last her disturbance had subsided, Mrs. Palmer said that it was extra-

ordinary she should have ventured abroad in such a day. 'We have not,' said the mistress, 'had such blowy weather this season before; it's a foretaste of winter.'

"'It was a fine breezy morning when I left the Gowans,' replied Miss Sibby, 'and I just came out to get the air about me.'

"'And ye have gotten that, I trow,' said Mrs. Palmer, with a laugh, 'for I saw your topsy-turvy on the stile.'

"'Really your laddies ought to be punished, Mrs. Palmer. I'm sure you have a sore time o't with such rampors—they're no now like the dooce callans of auld lang syne, when our laird was one of your flock, with that fine stirring boy, Harry Franks, the Londoner. Do you know he's now learning trade with his father in London?'

"'It was always so intended by the old gentleman,' replied Mrs. Palmer; 'but we have heard nothing concerning him for years.'

"'That I never doubt: London is a place where the memory does not keep mark, as ye have had an experience in your own sister, Mrs. Howard. She's really void of naturality never to write to you.'

"'Oh, greatly to our amazement, we had a letter from her yesterday.'

"'No' possible! And what does she say for herself? how can she ever think ye'll forgive her long silence?'

"'Poor woman!' said Mrs. Palmer, 'she's no' in comfort.'

"'Ye might have been sure of that when ye saw the letter; neither kith nor kin remember friends till they have need of them. What's her request?'

"'It's only to tell me, that the old lord has wonne away; and that the young one, whom she nursed, is not just the bairn she hoped he would have been.'

"'That's not uncommon in this uncertain world; but what says she of her good man?'

"'Very little, but that he is in good health, and aye as cordially kind; a thought grieved, however, at the unbiddable nature of his new master, which grieves also, my sister says, the lady mother, who has a great taking for their daughter, and would do every thing in her power to help her in the world.'

"'Ay! And is there no other news from London? but I may guess no', for your letter, I perceive, has been one of sorrow for sympathy,—but it's the lot of human nature to suffer, although I really think, unless it's some very instant case, folks in London should not put their friends to such high postage without telling them the news. They say cocklico's the fashionable colour, does your sister say so?'

"'My sister, poor woman! has had other tow on her rock, and I ought to let you see her letter, for it's an edification to read it, but I have left it on the drawers' head in my own room.'

"'Oh, don't give yourself the trouble to look for it; and yet, as the minister said last Sabbath, in speaking of the death of Absalom,—'A tear of love, shed from the heart, is a blessed thing in the moral eye of a friend;'' and considering that your sister is

so uncomfortable, it must be a fine admonition to hear what she has said: I believe that she was always a most sympathizing letter-writer?'

"'Just excuse me for a moment, and I'll bring the letter.'

"'It's too much trouble, I can see it again.'

"'Very well, Miss Sibby, when you please, at any other time. And how comes the laird on with his shooting? you was a pair of nice partridges that he sent me on Saturday, as plump as suet-dumplings.'

"Miss Sibby looked somewhat bamboozled, but her presence of mind returned, and she added—

"'I wonder how it is that the gentlemen are all so taken up with the hares and the slaughtering of innocent birds; but I suppose it helps to keep them out of other mischief. It maybe would be well for some of them, were there more shooting about London, for, from what you have been telling me of this young Lord Errington, I think he cannot be much of a sportsman. Does your sister say what's his general character? It's a great pity to hear of a young man of his degree so addicted.'

"'On that point she is not particular,' replied Mrs. Palmer; and Miss Sibby, looking as 'twere to the heavens, exclaimed,

"'Dear me, it will be another shower; this is really an unsettled day, and I must stay till the cloud clears. If it were but for pastime, I may, therefore, as well look at your sister's letter before I go; but I am troublesome by waiting, for you have a large family to guide, Mrs. Palmer, and can ill afford to waste your time with me.'

"Mrs. Palmer, without making any answer, immediately went for the letter, and having given it to Miss Sibby, begged her pardon for a minute or two, as she had some orders to see to in the kitchen concerning the preparations for the boy's dinner."

We shall next week take a few passages from Stanley Buxton's eventful story, which is interesting, and well told.

COMMON-INCLOSURES, &c.

Illustrations of Political Economy. Vol. 3. Brooke of Brooke Farm: a Tale. By Harriet Martineau. Fox.

NEVER were the philosopher and the village gossip so neatly united as in the present little volume, being the third of a series on the subject of domestic and political economy. Miss Martineau's "Life in the Wilds," and "Hill and Valley," have met with well-deserved approbation, and stamped her a woman of sense and thought, with the pleasant pen of an active and close observer. "Brooke and Brooke Farm" is on a similar subject of rustic policy,—that respecting the common-inclosure bill, and the small farms. We admire the talent and graphic power of this writer, and we enjoy her characteristic sketches as we would their true originals; whether or not, or how far, we concur in the general principles drawn in conclusion from these illustrations we may not say. The first of these grand doctrines is, that "production being the great end of the employment of labour and capital, that appli-

cation of both which secures the largest production is the best,"—that "large capitals, well managed, produce in a larger proportion than small,"—*ergo*, &c.

Our first chapter is an account of "Brooke and its Politicians," a charming little everyday, one-straggling-street village, with a blacksmith's shop, and a grocer's shop, and a butcher's shop, and a public-house—"The Wither's Arms," and a church, and a great number of houses of the usual moderate size, with cow-houses and little gardens respectively appertaining thereunto. The villagers were a poor, and not over-industrious set, with a cow each, and a few donkies and pigs amongst them, and the right of pasturage on the common. Then things change,—whether for the better or worse, is left for the reader to judge. The cause of this change is the inclosure of the village common by Sir Henry Withers, a very unpopular measure at the time, giving rise to several meetings, where much excitement and warm debate did waste their sweetness on the desert air. The common is surveyed and inclosed, and the subsequent working of the scheme is detailed with smoothness and seeming fairness. The following, as a sketch of cottage poverty and indolence, is too generally correct:—

"We happened about this time to want an errand boy, and looked round among the cottagers' families to see who were the poorest or the most burdened with young children, that we might offer the place where it would be most acceptable. My brothers and I were willing to teach reading and writing to the lad that should be chosen; for there was no chance of his having learned so much beforehand; and my mother hoped she should have patience to bear with the dulness and awkwardness common to most of the children of the village, and to train him to be not only an honest, but an intelligent servant.

"My mother went with us one day to the cottage of George Gray, a labourer, who had eight children, and but small wages to maintain them upon, and who would probably be very glad to send his eldest boy to service.

"The children were, as usual, at play near the cottage. Billy, the eldest, was mounted on a donkey, while three or four of the little ones were attempting to drive the animal on by beating him with sticks and bunches of furze.

"'Do look at that stupid animal,' cried Frederick. 'Why does he not canter away with the boy instead of standing to be beaten in that manner?'

"'He is heavily clogged,' said my mother.

"Before the words were spoken, Frederick and Arthur were off at full speed, crying, 'Holla! holla! down with your sticks. How can you beat the poor animal so when you see he is clogged and can't move a step with any one on his back?'

"'He'll go well enough sometimes,' said one of the children, raising his bunch of furze for another blow.

"'Stop,' cried Arthur. 'Don't you see that if he moves a step, down goes his head, and the rider slips off.'

"One would have thought the donkey knew what was passing; for the next time he was touched, he stooped his head, kicked his hind feet high in the air, and threw Billy to some distance. Away scampered the tormentors: my brothers laughed, and Willy got up whimpering and ashamed.

"Well, Billy," said my mother, "you have had riding enough for to-day; and tomorrow you will remember that donkeys cannot run with their legs tied."

"We left him hiding his face and rubbing his knees. The eldest girl was sitting on the step of the door, hushing the baby to sleep. Three or four others were making mud-pies just under the dung-hill. Hannah Gray, their mother, was in the cottage, setting out the table for dinner; for it was near one o'clock. The potatoes, which formed their daily meal, were boiling on the fire.

"In answer to my mother's inquiry how all went on at home, she answered that they were much as usual; that was, poorly off enough; for they had many mouths to fill, and but little to do it with. My mother thought that so fine-grown and healthy-looking as the children were, some of them might be able to bring in a little money. Their mother explained that the boys cut firing on the common and drove home the cow, and that Peggy nursed the baby. But she did not see how they could do any thing more profitable. They were too young yet to work much, and would have hardship enough, poor things, when they grew up.—My mother believed that children thought it no hardship to be employed, but were proud to be useful, and often found their work as amusing as their play.

"Well, ma'am," said Hannah, "I am sure I do not know what work I could give them that they would like."

"Will you let me try?" inquired my mother. "I want a boy to clean the shoes and knives, and weed the flower-garden, and run errands: and I will make trial of your eldest boy, if you choose to let him come."

"Hannah dropped a curtsy and looked very thankful, but said she was afraid Billy was not fit to go into a gentleman's family, he was so unmannerly. My mother said she should not make that an objection, if he was a good boy; knowing as she did that those who wish to please soon learn the way.

"Hannah declared the boy to be a good boy, and very sharp-witted, considering how little he had been taught. How to get clothes for him, however, she did not know; for the rent had been paid the day before, and she had not a shilling at command. It was settled that he was to be clothed instead of having money-wages at first.

"On inquiring into the condition of his clothes, it appeared that he had neither shoes nor stockings.

"I thought, Mrs. Gray," said my mother, "that your children never went to church barefoot."

"They never did till lately, ma'am; but I cannot afford stockings for so many, nor shoes either; and they do not mind going without, poor things! I was so ashamed,

ma'am, and my husband too, the first day they went to church on their bare feet. I thought every body was taking notice, and I am sure the parson did when he spoke to us in the church-yard. But it can't be helped."

"I am not quite sure of that," replied my mother. "You know I promised that my housemaid should teach your girls to knit; but you have never sent them."

"Why, ma'am, I am not the less obliged to you; but they have no time, you see. There's the baby to take care of."

"My mother looked out of the window and saw three little girls still making mud-pies.

"Why should not they be knitting at this moment," said she, "instead of soiling their clothes and their faces, and learning habits of idleness?"

"Well, to be sure, ma'am, if you think they can learn—"

"Let them try. In another twelve-month, those three girls will be able to knit stockings for the whole family; and the elder boys might earn their own shoe-leather presently."

A still more melancholy picture:—

"My father is a justice of the peace. Every body connected with one who holds such an office knows what interest arises out of its transactions to those who care about the joys and sorrows, the rights and liberties of their neighbours. It was not my father's custom to allow his family to form a little court, before which a culprit might tremble, or a nervous witness be abashed. He received the parties who came to him on business in a hall, where it was not possible for the young people to peep from a door, or for the servants to listen from the stairs. My brothers were sometimes present at examinations, that they might take a lesson in what might at some future day become their duty; and we generally heard after dinner what had passed; but there was no gratification allowed to our curiosity in the presence of the parties.

"On one occasion, mine was very strongly excited, and I did long to gain admittance to the justice hall. I came in, one fine summer morning, from the garden, and passed through the hall, not being aware that any one was there. But there stood Norton with a gloomy brow, and Hal Williams, evidently in custody, looking the picture of shame and despair. He turned half round as I entered, to avoid meeting my eye, and pretended to brush his bare brown hat. My father appearing, I made my retreat, and was obliged to wait till the afternoon for further satisfaction. If it had not been too warm a day for walking, I should have learned the event out of doors; for the whole village rang with it. Hal was committed for sheep-stealing.

"Nobody could be surprised at this, who observed how the unhappy man had been going on for some time. My father had known him to have been guilty of poaching to a great extent the winter before; but there was never evidence enough to justify his being apprehended. The next step to

poaching is sheep-stealing; and this step Hal had taken. The evidence was so clear that it was useless to attempt any defence. Norton had lost a lamb in the night. Search was made in Hal's house; and three quarters of lamb, not cut up by a butcher, were found under some straw in his cottage; and the hide, bearing Norton's mark, was dug up from where it had been buried, behind the dwelling.—As soon as Hal went to prison, his drooping wife and idle, unmanageable boys became chargeable to the parish."

Besides the entertainment they exhibit, Miss Martineau's little publications are calculated to afford sound and valuable hints to political economists and labouring men and their employers.

BASIL HALL'S SKETCHES.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Capt. Basil Hall. 3 vols. Second Series. Cadell, Edinburgh. Whittaker and Co.

THE first chapter of Capt. Hall's first volume contains some excellent advice to young beginners in the naval service, on the importance of "taking their line" promptly and deliberately. In this little essay are some right good counsel and philosophic remarks, which we would defy the sages of antiquity to put to the blush; and which all our readers of either element would do well to study:—

"Some young fellows set out in their professional life by making themselves, as they suppose, thorough-bred sailors, merely by aping the broadest external features in the character of the foremast-men. These 'kiddy blades,' or 'tarpaulin men,' as they are called in the cockpit slang, have their hands constantly in the tar-bucket—their fingers are cut across with the marks of the ropes they have been pulling and hauling—and their whole soul is wrapped up in the intricate science of cutting out sails, and of rigging the masts and yards. Their dreams are of cringles and reef-tackles; of knots, splices, grummets, and dead eyes. They can tell the length, to a fathom, of every rope in the boatswain's warrant, from the flying gib downhaul to the spanker-sheet; and the height of every spar from the main-top-gallant truck to the heel of the lower mast. Their delight is in stowing the hold; dragging about kentlage is their joy; and to form a good bend in the cable tier, without calling for a standfast at the capstan, is their great pride. In harbour they are eternally paddling in the boats, rowing, or sculling, or sailing about—and are always the first in fishing or bathing parties—in short, they are for ever at some sailor-kind of work. At sea, their darling music is the loud whistle of the hardest storm-stay-sail breeze, with an occasional accompaniment of a split main-top-sail. 'The harder it blows, and the faster she goes,' the merrier are they; 'strong gales and squally' is the item they love best to chalk on the log-board; and even when the oldest top-men begin to hesitate about lying out on the yard to gather in the flapping remnants of the torn canvass, these gallant youngsters glory in the opportunity of setting an example of what a gen-

tleman sailor can perform. So, at it they go, utterly reckless of consequences; and by sliding down the lift, or scrambling out, monkey fashion, to the yard-arm, where they sit laughing—at the risk of their lives—though the spar be more than half sprung through—they accomplish their purpose of shaming the others into greater exertions. It is well known that one of the ablest, if not the very ablest, of the distinguished men whom the penetrating sagacity of Nelson discovered and brought forward, owed his first introduction to the notice of that wonderful commander by an exploit of this very description.

“These are the dashing boys who cut out privateers, jump overboard after men who cannot swim, and who, when the ship is on fire, care not a farthing for the smoke and heat, but dive below with the engine-pipe in their hands, and either do good service, or perish in the flames with a jolly huzza on their lips. Such may fairly be called the muscular parts of our body nautical, for there is no gummy flesh about them; and when handled with skill, they form stout instruments which help essentially to win such battles as the Nile and Trafalgar. They constitute a very curious and important class between the high-caste officer in talents and education, and the mere Jack tar, who is, and ought to be, pretty nearly a machine.

“The young persons I have just been describing are, however, by no means servile imitators of the sailors;—they possess much useful technical knowledge, as well as mere energy of character—and often both think and act with originality—yet they are docile to the last degree, and delight in nothing more than fulfilling, to the very letter, the orders of their superiors. They amuse themselves, as I have mentioned before, by affecting the gait, the dress, and the lingo of the men before the mast; and are at times supposed to be a little too familiar with these models, on whom they pretend to shape their manners; but still they never carry the joke so far as to become what is called ‘Jack and Tom,’ even with the leading men in the ship. They can sing, upon occasion, snatches of fore-castle ditties, or fling off a hornpipe worthy of the merriest cracked fiddle that ever sounded under the bow of a drunken musician amongst a company of well-painted doxies, half-seas over, at the back of Point Beach. Not content with wearing, according to the directions in the song,—

‘Their long-quartered shoes, check shirt, and blue jacket,’

they will even thrust into their cheek a quid of tobacco (though detesting it from their souls,) merely to gain the credit—such as it is—of ‘chewing backey like a sailor.’

“The people—especially the old hands of the crew—are generally much amused with the dandyism of these spirited young bucks, whom they never fail to treat with all possible respect—so long as the lads duly respect themselves, and so long as they take the greatest care to enact nothing in their character of jolly tarpaulins, which shall be

really inconsistent with their proper calling of officers and gentlemen.

“Of course there must be a limit in age and in rank to the indulgence of these fancies; and if even an elder midshipman or a mate of the decks were permanently to distinguish himself after this masquerade fashion, he would speedily lose the personal respect of the crew towards himself, besides forfeiting much of the consequence which it is his duty to keep up for the station, and, of course, weakening one of the most efficient sinews of discipline.

“It becomes, then, absolutely necessary that, sooner or later, these youths should make up their minds either to reform their habits altogether, or hit upon such a modification of them as shall be consistent with their new station, and suitable to the more extended views which their elevation commands. When a mid, for example, is promoted to lieutenant, he must speedily decide whether he shall follow up in earnest a course of strictly seamanlike objects, of which the mere outward show had previously captivated his young fancy; or he must enter into some compromise with himself, and relinquish a part of his exclusive regard for these pursuits, in consideration of others less fascinating, to be sure, but more likely to bear on his advancement; for, without some knowledge of many other things, his chance must be very small in the race of professional life.

“In tolerably wide opposition of habits to these tarpaulin men follow the less dashing and showy race sometimes called ‘stargazers,’ sometimes ‘dictionary men,’ who are also occasionally taunted or dignified by their messmates with the title of ‘philosophers.’ The happiness of this class lies in the nautical, scientific, diplomatic, and literary departments of our multifarious profession, even the ordinary duties of which branches afford a wide and diversified field for exertion, and furnish occupation for an immense number of very differently-constructed heads and hands. The theory of navigation—including the serene delights of practical astronomy—the mathematical principles of seamanship, ship-building, and gunnery—together with the complicated and difficult art of surveying coasts, form the chief objects which engage their attention. The knotty topic of discipline, too, perhaps, among the most difficult of sciences, by furnishing occupation for many of these persons who are as yet incompetent to grapple with it, gives birth to an infinite deal of nonsense. The object of most of these young philosophisers is to get at the reason of all things, and to be able not only to work by the rules laid down for them in printed books, or in the written orders of their superiors, but to investigate the foundation of these rules and regulations so thoroughly, that when new cases occur they may have it in their power to meet them by fresh resources of their own.”

Capt. Hall’s account of the various characters and habits of life on ship-board are admirably graphic;—the marines in particular are most interestingly portrayed:—

“The words marine and mariner differ

by one small letter only; but no two races of men, I had well nigh said no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the ‘Jollies’ and the ‘Johnnies.’ The marines, as I have before mentioned, are enlisted for life, or for long periods, as in the regular army; and, when not employed afloat, are kept in barracks, in such constant training, under the direction of their officers, that they are never released for one moment of their lives from the influence of strict discipline and habitual obedience. The sailors, on the contrary, when their ship is paid off, are turned adrift, and so completely scattered abroad, that they generally lose, in the riotous dissipation of a few weeks, or it may be days, all they have learned of good order during the previous three or four years. Even when both parties are placed on board ship, and the general discipline maintained in its fullest operation, the influence of regular order and exact subordination is at least twice as great over the marines as it ever can be over the sailors. Many, I may say, most of their duties are entirely different. It is true, both the marines and the seamen pull and haul at certain ropes leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the decks; both eat salt junk, drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive admiralty order against their being made to go aloft; and, accordingly, a marine in the rigging is about as ridiculous and helpless an object, as a sailor would prove if thrust into a tight, well pipe-clayed pair of pantaloons, and barred round the throat with a stiff stock. No marine that I ever saw (except one, and he was a gipsy,) could learn to pull an oar really well, nor any seaman to handle a firelock like a soldier. Yet both these duties are often of the highest importance to the respective parties when employed on service in boats, and ought invariably to be taught as far as possible. If the safety of the ship depended upon it, no marine could ever swing round the hand-lead, without the risk of breaking his scone—no sailors were ever yet taught to march even moderately well in line.

“In short, without going further, it may be said, that the colour of their clothing, and the manner in which it is put on, do not differ more from one another than the duties and habits of the marines and sailors. Jack wears a blue jacket, and the Jolly wears a red one. Jack would sooner take a round dozen than be seen with a pair of braces across his shoulders; while the marine, if deprived of his suspensors, would speedily be left sans culotte. A thorough-going, barrack-bred, regular-built marine, in a ship of which the serjeant-major truly loves his art, has, without any very exaggerated metaphor, been compared to a man who has swallowed a set of fire-irons; the tongs representing the legs, the poker the back-bone, and the shovel the neck and head. While, on the other hand, your sailor-man is to be likened to nothing, except

one of those delicious figures in the fantoccini show-boxes, where the legs, arms, and head, are flung loosely about to the right and left, no one bone apparently having the slightest organic connexion with any other; the whole being an affair of strings, and springs, and universal joints!

"The marines live, day and night, in the after part of the ship, close to the apartments of the officers; their arm-chest is placed on the quarter-deck; their duties, even in cases where they are most mixed up with those of the seamen, group them well aft. The marines are exclusively planted as sentries at the cabin-doors of the captain and the officers; and even the look-out-men on the quarters, at night, are taken from the royal corps. To all this it may be added, that the marines furnish the officers with such small service, in the way of attendance, as they may require, and generally wait at table.

"It is of the utmost importance to observe, that all these minor points, and many others upon which I have not touched, have now grown into such complete matters of usage, that they are scarcely, if at all, noticed. So gradually, however, has this sort of natural, or necessary, estrangement been brought about between the two component parts of the ship's company, that it now requires only a small degree of judicious care on the part of the captain and officers to preserve the requisite separation, without, at the same time, giving the least offence either to the marines or to the sailors.

"Amongst the joint characteristics of a soldier and a sailor which distinguish the royal marine, there is generally found a strong attachment to his officer, coupled with an unusual sensitiveness and anxiety not only to gain, but to preserve to the last, the good opinion of his companions in arms. I have several times witnessed the predominance of these feelings, at moments when it might have been supposed a man's thoughts would be occupied with very different reflections.

"I remember an instance in which this ruling passion, as it may be called, was shown to be strong in death. At half-past nine o'clock in the evening, after a long and sultry day in Madras Roads, the officers of the flag-ship were sitting round the ward-room table, enjoying a sober glass of well-cooled wine and water, when their hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the report of a musket, fired apparently close to the door, which, of course, in those climates, is always left open. The officers rushed out, and, directed by the smoke, sprung to the quarter-deck, where they found Evan Lewis, the corporal of marines, prostrate at the foot of the poop-ladder, and mortally wounded. This man, who was as good a soldier as ever served afloat, had stepped on the poop to commence his rounds, with his wonted precision, just as the bell struck three. On asking the question, 'Is all well?' and being answered by the usual echo, 'All's well,' he turned to descend the ladder, when the sentinel brought down his musket, and fired. The ball passed through

the unfortunate man's body, ploughed a deep groove in the quarter-deck, and lodged in the coil of the fore-brace, near the main-mast.

"The poor corporal, who, of course, fell down headlong, was removed under the poop awning, and laid in as easy a posture as possible, with his head resting on the marine officer's lap, a kind-hearted soul, who from time to time wept bitterly over his fallen comrade, as he called the dying veteran, and in vain tried to cheer up his fast-ebbing spirits. The surgeon, indeed, seemed to be the only person unmoved by the scene; he, however, being an old hand in such matters, knew the value of coolness. Having first examined the wound slowly and carefully, he paused for a moment, looked the poor sufferer in the face for a second or two, and then drawing his breath, while he resolutely kept his feelings in check, said, mournfully, 'My fine fellow—if you have any affairs to settle, you must lose no time—you cannot possibly live long!'

"The wounded man looked wistfully up in his officer's face, and said, with an air of great disappointment, 'I did not think, sir, my time had been so near.' After making particular inquiry whether any one else had been hurt by the ball, which he knew had passed through him, he expressed a wish to have the man brought aft who had fired the musket. It was a strange moment when the murderer was confronted with his victim. 'Why did you do this?' inquired the dying soldier, in a voice of the greatest mildness.

"'I thought it had been the serjeant,' coolly replied the villain; nor could he ever afterwards be made to speak another word on the subject. In all probability he was insane, though there was no attempt to establish this, and he was hanged on the beach abreast of the ship a few days afterwards, having been tried by the supreme court of Madras, within whose jurisdiction the offence was committed.

"The pain of the wound gradually subsided as the blood flowed, and the poor fellow now begged that prayers might be read to him. This was accordingly done by the first lieutenant, in the presence of the rest of the officers and the dying man's messmates. He paid the closest attention to what was said; and at the conclusion expressed himself happy and confident, ready to die in peace with all the world, and, as he hoped, also with his Maker. Some wine was then given him by permission of the surgeon, who saw that all must soon be over. When he drank it, he exclaimed, 'Ah, that too revives me; but still I feel very weary and drowsy.' He was recommended to go to sleep. 'Ay! it will be a long, long sleep,' he said, with a tone of deep sorrow. But immediately afterwards, as if ashamed of his weakness, he cast his eyes round the group, and in a cheerful voice expressed much satisfaction at dying with all his officers about him. 'I only hope I have done my duty to your satisfaction, gentlemen?' were the last words he spoke.

"In fact, I hardly ever knew a marine

who, if duly encouraged, would not have sacrificed his life rather than depart from his duty. And yet it happens, oddly enough, that by far the most serious professional scrape I ever got into was brought about by the improper conduct of a serjeant of marines, a man in whom I should not have hesitated to place the utmost reliance."

We conclude with some of the vagaries of a captain's pet monkey:—

"I need not dwell on the common-place tricks of a nautical monkey, as they must be well known to every one; such as catching hold of the end of the sail-makers' ball of twine, and paying the whole overboard, hand over hand, from a secure station in the rigging; or his stealing the boatswain's silver call, and letting it drop from the end of the cathead; or his getting into one of the cabin ports, and tearing up the captain's letters, a trick at which even the stately skipper is obliged to laugh.

"One of our monkey's grand amusements was to watch some one arranging his clothes in his bag. After the stowage was completed, and every thing put carefully away, he would steal round, untie the strings, and, having opened the mouth of the bag, would draw forth in succession every article of dress, first smell to it, then turn it over and over, and lastly fling it away on the wet deck. It was amusing enough to observe, that all the while he was committing any piece of mischief, he appeared not only to be under the fullest consciousness of guilt, but living under the perfect certainty that he was earning a good sound drubbing for his pains. Still, the pleasure of doing wrong was so strong and habitual within him, that he seemed utterly incapable of resisting the temptation whenever it fell in his way. When occupied in these misdeeds, he continued alternately chattering with terror, and screaming with delight at his own ingenuity, till the enraged owner of the property burst in upon him, hardly more angry with Jacko than with his malicious messmates, who, instead of preventing, rather encouraged the pillage.

"All this was innocent, however, compared to the tricks which the blue jackets taught him to play upon the jolly marines. How they set about this laudable piece of instruction, I know not; but the antipathy which they established in Jacko's breast against the red coats was something far beyond ordinary prejudice, and in its consequences partook more of the interminable war between cat and dog.

"The monkey, who entered with all the zeal of a hot partisan into the designs of the blues, showed no mercy to the red faction, against whom he had not, in fact, the slightest shadow of a real quarrel. As that trifling circumstance, however, seemed, as in graver cases of quarrel, only to aggravate the hostility, every new day brought a new mode of attack upon the unhappy soldiers, who were never safe. At first he merely chattered, or grinned contemptuously at them; or, at worst, snapped at their heels, soiled their fine pipe-clayed trousers, or pulled the cartridges out of their cartouch-boxes, and scattered the powder over the decks, feats

for which his rump was sure to smart under the ratan of the indignant sergeant, to whom the 'party' made their complaint. Upon these occasions the sailors laughed so heartily at their friend Jacko, as he placed his hands behind him, and, in an agony of rage and pain, rubbed the seat of honour, smarting under the serjeant's chastisement, that, if he could only have reasoned the matter like a statesman, he would soon have distrusted his advantage in this offensive but not defensive alliance with the Johnnies against the Jollies. Sometimes, indeed, he appeared to be quite sensible of his absurd position, caned by his enemy, and ridiculed by his friends, in whose cause he was suffering. On these occasions he often made a run, open-mouthed, at the sailors; in return for which mutinous proceeding he was sure to get a smart rap over the nose from his own party, which more than counterpoised the anguish at the other extremity of his person, giving ludicrous occupation to both his hands, and redoubling the shouts of laughter at his expense. In short, poor St. Jago literally got what is currently called monkey's allowance, viz. 'more kicks than halfpence.'

"In process of time, as Mr. Monkey, by dint of that bitter monitor, experience, gained higher knowledge in the art of marine warfare and ship diplomacy, he became much more formidable in his attacks on the 'corps,' and generally contrived to keep himself well beyond the reach of the serjeant's merciless ratan. One of the favourite pranks of the sailors was to place him near the break of the fore-castle, with a handspike, taken from the bow-chaser gun, in his paws. It was quite as much as he could carry, and far more than he could use as a missile against the royals; but he was soon instructed in a method of employing it, which always grievously annoyed the enemy. Theoretically speaking, I presume poor Jacko knew no more of the laws of gravitation, when applying it to the annoyance of the marines, than his friends the seamen did of centrifugal action, when swinging round the hand-lead to gain soundings by pitching it far forward into the water; but without such scientific knowledge, both the monkey and his wicked associates knew very well that if a handspike were held across the top of the fore-castle ladder, and let go when a person was about half way down it, the heels of the said individual would be sure to bring up, or stop the bar. The unhappy marine, therefore, who happened to be descending the steps when Jacko let his handspike fall, generally got the skin taken off his heels, or his instep, according as his rear or his front was turned towards the foe. The instant Jacko let go his hold, and the law of gravitation began to act, so that the handspike was heard to rattle down the ladder, off he jumped to the bow of the barge, overlooking the spot, and there sat, with his neck stretched out, his eyes starting from his head, and his lips drawn back, till his teeth, displayed from ear to ear, rapped against one another like a pair of castanets in a bolero, under the influence of the most ecstasie alarm, curi-

ously mixed up with the joy of complete success. The poor wounded Gulpin, in the meantime, rubbed his ankles, as he fired off a volley of imprecations, the only effect of which was to increase the number of his audience, grinning and laughing in chorus with the terrified mischief-monger."

We shall, most probably, in our next, give part of Capt. Hall's account of the phenomena of the Trade-winds.

REAL LIFE.

Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler.
Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

THIS is the narrative of an unknown author, packed up in mistake by a young traveller's black servant, and given to the public, after many bonny carousals in private circles over its well-thumbed pages. There are several obliterations and fragmentary passages here and there in the legitimate style of all found documents, and every thing bears an equally old-fashioned stamp. The book is written with talent, though paying more regard to force than elegance of expression. Simon is the Mentor, or travelling companion of our autobiographic hero; and one or two sketches we insert as specimens of the general characteristics of their narrative:—

A Hopeful Family.—"Duncan is a bad subject, for he is the son of a most villanous mother. She, like yours, was early left a widow, with one son and one daughter; but she followed a different course in their education, for she brought them up in the nurture and admonition of the devil. She was clever, and worked hard, and kept them always neat and clean; so, was much praised and countenanced by those who considered her the model of a good widow and mother. She was a close attender of church, most particular and nice in her choice of preachers, being a great judge of doctrines, and none sang psalms so loud or so well as the pious widow and her orphans. They were both put to school. Duncan being made schoolboy, got his education as remuneration for sweeping and keeping the school clean, and lighting the fires. Here, with caution and wisdom far beyond his years, he, day by day, carried on his petty pilferings of pens, paper, pencils, slates, knives, and books; and the careless heedless little wights got many a scold and many a licking, at school and at home, for the losses thus incurred from their supposed misconduct. When any proof was brought that the articles amissing had been abstracted from the school, Duncan was always the first to discover it, and always about such times he was sure to lose a slate or book of his own, and mourn over it with bitter wailings. His sister, on her part, conducted herself to admiration, and all went swimmingly on.

"After his school days, Duncan was apprenticed to a gardener; and in this department had a larger field for his genius to exercise itself upon. He tithed every article sold, and, in the fruit season, stole so judiciously, that stealing never was suspected: His master and he merely talked over, as a circumstance they had observed before, that

this season, like many seasons when the crops looked well, did not turn out so profitable as they promised. Now and then, in the latter years of his service, there was a grand robbery of his master's garden and all the gardens round, and Duncan was always first to set off in quest of the thieves and the property, and it was wonderful how boldly he would watch alone whole nights and at all hazards for his good master's sake. He would not fear to face a score of thieves, not he, thieves are always cowards!

"Whether any suspicion had arisen in the mind of the master which he wished to set at rest, I know not; but, without the least hint to any, even of his own family, he one night stole into his garden, and placed himself where he could see and hear all round. He had laid his account with watching all night, and was as much astonished as if he had not gone to look for thieves, when a moment after he had taken his station, he saw, between him and an opposite wall, a man with a load on his shoulders. The honest fellow stood breathless and speechless gazing on this vision. The bag was set down near the wall, and the person returned by the same path. The gardener's wits gradually returned, and on seeing him once more with a load proceeding deliberately to the same spot, he levelled his musket and fired at the legs. He instantly started aside beyond the smoke of his gun, and saw bag and man fall—but with the agility of youth, instigated by terror, and aided by long practice, he sprang forward, rushed to the wall, and threw himself over it like a squirrel, before the gardener could lay hands on him. He followed him over the wall at the instant, but no Duncan was there; and next morning, no Duncan came to his work. Diligent search was made, but, of course, his pious parent and sister knew nothing of his fate. And loud and grievous were their lamentations, and their complaints of ill usage, mingled with Scriptural ejaculations and imprecations as they lifted up their voices and wept. The talk and wonder, and anger and lies, which every such occurrence occasions in a small town, soon died away. Duncan and his mother and sister ceased to be thought of; and, some time after, they were missed from their house; from which they had, in silence and darkness, been gradually conveying it ill-gotten contents. They had left it in the same way, leaving the door closed and the windows open; thus bilking the landlord of his rent. How troublesome it is to be wicked!

"Far from their former dwelling, this exemplary mother and dutiful children now set up anew. She, the mother, as an eminently pious woman, the son as gardener, &c. 'Strawberries and cream,' 'Fruits in their seasons,' adorning his garden gate; and the excellent daughter humbly devoted herself to assist them both. Robbery was now brought amongst them to the rank of a science. They improved upon all former systems, and reduced their own, especially by the division of labour, to the most beautiful simplicity. From this time robberies were committed in every quarter of the

town and neighbourhood; every thing was their prey, yet no one ever suspected the real thief. It was supposed that there must be at least two dozen in the gang, so extensive and perpetual were the thefts; and it is quite inconceivable what three people could make of all they carried off. In the course of my journeyings, I arrived late one evening at an inn in the neighbourhood of this haunted town, which was so crowded with travellers that I could not get a bed within the house. But the people and I were old friends, and rather than leave them, I accepted their offer of a comfortable bed in an out-house at a little distance, where I lay quietly down to sleep, curtained round by a large quantity of clothes hung upon ropes to dry. In the night I awoke, and scarcely remembering at first where I was, felt no alarm on seeing a light. I, however, soon heard as well as saw what brought me to my senses. The clothes upon the ropes were disappearing; and a sheet that hung near my bed being pulled off, I saw a man who was behind it thrust it into a bag. I remained an instant in uncertainty; and, oh! what a volume of thoughts passed along my mind in that instant! I was naked—I was perfectly unarmed—I had loaded pistols, but they were beyond my reach. The villain might be armed, and have the power to murder me instantly. Then, I thought, the attacker has always the advantage. I had better surprise him than let him surprise me. He was just far enough from me to admit of my springing upon him. The height of my bed was in my favour. At the instant, with one bound, I threw myself on his breast, seized his throat, and, falling, he dragged me down with him. We had a desperate struggle on the floor, and I, being still above him, supposed from his movements being less energetic for a moment, that he was about to yield, when suddenly by the feeble light I perceived he had been taking a spring-knife from his breast pocket, which, no doubt, the next moment would have been in my heart. With me it was now do or die,—not a mere struggle for a prisoner. I seized the villain's hand that held the knife, and with the other giving a twist to his neckcloth, told him, while he had yet sense left, to let go the knife; otherwise, I would hold his throat till I strangled him. It was not till his face was black, blood spouting from his nose, and his eyes strained to bursting, that he yielded the knife; when I instantly let go my hold and rose, standing on the defensive and grasping it open in my hand. He lay for a little recovering his breath, which would so soon have been past recovery; then, starting up, set his toe into a notch of the partition which separated this apartment from the stable, sprung up to a loft above, and was gone. I snatched his horn-lantern and followed as fast as I could, but at the moment I was beginning to descend through the hole where he disappeared, I heard the stable door slapt to and locked, and a heavy, hurried step rushing from the place. I threw on my clothes, and going to the house, roused up my host. On examination of the knife and bag, we

found no mark, but on a handkerchief, in which he had bundled up by themselves some fine articles of woman's dress, were sewed the letters D. M'Q. Duncan M'Quarry, the notorious thief and gardener, as I am a living man! exclaimed I. He kept a whole district in commotion for years, and never was suspected! In the bottom of the lantern lay a key which looked like that of a house door, and this we concluded to be the door of his mother's house, or his garden, for there was nothing particular in its make. Not a moment was to be lost. We set off to the nearest magistrate, and gave in the needful information; a warrant was made out, and before day-light Mr. Duncan was safely lodged in jail. He was found in bed sleeping with uncommon assiduity, and could not be wakened without much shaking and bawling; when, however, his strenuous efforts to remain asleep had been overcome, he was, for a proper length of time, in all the maze of innocent wonder, and quite unable to understand what had happened, or what the officers wanted. I knew him instantly, and showed the blue mark of my deadly grasp in his wrist, and the rope which should have hanged him would not have left more mortal traces on his neck than my powerful tourniquet had. However, having gone to bed in the dark, and being obliged to fall asleep in such a hurry, he had not observed that his nose and wrist were all bloody.

"Loads of every species of property were found hidden, perfectly useless, in their den, and in holes in their garden, rusted, rotted, and destroyed; so that they literally robbed others of that 'which not enriched them'—not daring to use what might lead to suspicion. "And how," said I, "did this villain escape the gallows?" "Because he escaped from jail," replied Simon; "an event that often occurs in our dear native land even unto this day; and I am not sure that it is any sign of the morals of a country being in a *very* bad state when the prisons are so little used that they get out of repair. He was wonderfully nimble, and had obviously studied and practised from childhood—Och, och!—like unhappy James Barr—the art of ascending and springing over walls; and it need excite little astonishment if he, who could glide through a crevice like an eel, escaped from a mouldering county jail. Duncan was outlawed. The mother and daughter were confined and tried as resisters, and banished the county."

A Drunkard Reformed by a Pet Goat.—"Simon, did you ever know an established drunkard cured of the habit?" "Yes," he slowly replied, after a pause, and with a peculiar deliberateness in his voice; "yes, I have; but it has been very, very seldom. It is a sore task to conquer such a habit; a task far too sore for the unassisted strength of man; and can only be accomplished by a strong and determined resolution, aided by prayers to God and our Saviour for help,—those earnest, sincere, and persevering prayers which the repentant and returning sinner never yet offered up in vain. In all evil habits, especially in that of drinking, the first struggle against them is the worst.

For there is not only the habit of the mind to be conquered, but the habit of the body. The whole frame of a man becomes weakened. He cannot eat, or hold his hand steady, till he has thrown into his diseased and vitiated stomach a dose of the same devil's elixir that has caused his ruin. This fallacious stimulus has for a time the desired effect; there is a short-lived artificial spring given to his poor, dozed, worn-out nerves. While this lasts, his hand becomes steady, and the unhappy wretch in his own mind commends the life-reviving powers of the enemy that is sapping and mining the very springs of existence. In a few hours, all his miserable feelings return, and with them all his miserable cravings—again to be relieved by the same deadly means, till at length some terrible or loathsome disease carries him off to his last and long account. It is the observation of all medical men that the diseases and accidents of drunkards are far more painful and difficult to cure than any others. And can it be wondered at, that flesh and blood completely impregnated with alcohol should be more apt to become inflamed with fever, than that which is nourished by the natural food and drink of man. * * *

"There was a blacksmith, a very clever fellow, who had an excellent business, and could make by it just what he pleased; but, like many others, he could not keep himself well when he was well, but straightway he fell to drinking. Until then, he had been a kind father, and an affectionate husband, and liked to see his wife and children well fed and well clothed; but how can a man, who has with his own hands destroyed his reason, and sent a fire raging through his veins, answer for what he will do, or will not do? While he was drinking or drunk, the work was at a stand; the smithy-door locked or open, as chance directed; his tools and materials, articles left for repair, every thing it contained, at the mercy of whoever chose to go in to steal or destroy. He burned one horse's foot, run a nail through another, paired a third to the quick, and, in short, lamed and tortured many a worthy animal far more respectable than himself. Such things soon met their reward. His customers, some in wrath, some with regret, all left him, and got their work done elsewhere. Of course, poverty followed, and that did not either improve his temper, or make him the less outrageous for drink. When he went home, hungry and greeting bairns met him there, and also a sad and often an angry wife, who had no food to give either to him or them. Knowing and feeling in every fibre of his heart and conscious that he had been acting like a monster, of necessity he was furious at her, and often concluded his visit to his own house by beating with his great forehammer fists the good and respectable woman so beloved in the days of his well-doing.

"It happened that he had a tame goat which was very fond of him, and, drunk or sober, it trotted at his heels wherever he went. If he sat in a public-house, so did it. If he lay all night on the street or on a stair-head, as the poor lost wretch often

did, there too was faithful Nanny creeping close to him, and many thought that it was the heat of the poor dumb animal that kept the life in John when incapable of either knowing or feeling that he was about to perish. Well, it so happened one morning that John could get nobody to take a gill with him; he asked one and another, but they all refused; and it must be confessed that, by *that* time, his appearance was not a particular recommendation to the practice he pursued. He cursed them with all his might; and, in a pet, said to his goat—'Come, Nanny, come awa, since nane else will drink wi' me, ne'er a bit do I care, my wee faithfu' Nan, thou shalt do't.' And going into the public-house, he got his gill, and offered some to the goat, which, to be sure, the goat would not take. 'What the devil, Nan,' said he, 'aye! and thou's gaun to do like the lave o' them, and a' sorrow to thee! Na, na, mistress, come here wi' you, gie's nane o' thae airs;' and seizing the poor beast, he poured the whisky over its throat. This cruel trick was followed by snorting, stamping, butting, and every other expression of its anger; but in a short time it began to reel, and stagger, and fall, and John roared with rapture at the glorious exploit of making the goat drunk, and looked to it as a boundless source of future diversion. Next morning, according to custom, he repaired to the same whisky house, and the goat at his heels, but it stopt at the outside of the door, and farther it would not budge; no, not for all that John could do. 'What's this for, Nan! what the sorrow ails tu, that thou'll no come in?' said he. 'D'ye na see! it's because ye filled her fou yesterday,' quoth the fat landlady. John was smitten to the heart, and let go the goat. After standing a moment, he silently turned from the door with his conscience roused from its torpor, and armed against him with a thousand daggers. 'Am I reproved,' said he to himself, 'me, made after the image of the living God, am I reproved in my evil ways by a pair dumb beast! a creature to which he has denied that reason which I have so brutally abused! Reason granted me for a light to guide mysel' in fulfilling my ain duty,—my duty to my poor, ill-requited, faithful wife,—and my unhappy bairns, to whom I hae set sic an awfu' example,—my duty to God, the great God I have offended,—O, how have I worshipped him on this earth,—O, O, how have I been preparing my guilty soul for death, and the awful judgment that follows death, or the awful eternity that follows judgment!'

"He went home to his bed, silent and conscious-stricken: there he lay for two days without food or drink; in agonies of deep and fervent prayer to God and his Redeemer, confessing his sins, and imploring grace and mercy to help him to forsake them; and his prayers were heard. Next morning he rose and went to his work. He trembled at the sight of a whisky-house, and watched and prayed that he might be preserved from the temptation. He was found steadily at his work; no longer a reeling, red-nosed, ragged black-

guard, blustering and swearing, worse than any heathen, but 'clothed and in his right mind.' In a short time his business returned, his health became good, his spirits good, he had peace in his heart, and peace in his home, and penury, and poverty, and weeping, and gloom had disappeared. His children were no longer afraid of him, and he felt the same affection for them and their mother as ever he did."

There are several other interesting episodes, of various lengths and complexions. "The Death Bed"—"Poor Janet"—"Orphan Harry"—"The Idiot Boy"—"Talent without Principle"—all bear evidence of ability and power of description.

L. E. L. TURNED SERIOUS.

The Easter Gift; a Religious Offering. By L. E. L. Fisher, Son, and Co.

MISS LONDON has here thrown herself into a new light, but she is still the same;—lively and tripping in her serious as in her most flippant moods. Moreover, the present little elegantly illustrated and highly gilt volume has an air of quackery about it which we cannot let pass. This quackery will sufficiently explain itself on the perusal of Miss Landon's own account of these her religious offerings.

"The following pages," says she in her prospectus, "have been written in a spirit of the *deepest humility*. The pictures are entirely sacred subjects, and their illustration has given me the opportunity of embodying many a sad and serious thought that had arisen in *hours of solitude and despondency*. I believe I myself am the better for their existence; I wish their effect may be the same on others. In this hurrying and deceitful world, no page will be written utterly in vain, which awakens one earnest or heavenward thought, one hope, or one fear, in the human heart."

Granted; but is this the real cause of the publication of Miss Landon's humble, solitary, despondent effusions? Oh no! a higher, a more immediate demand was upon her pen:—

"AT A TIME WHEN A HOLY SOLEMNITY IS ABOUT TO BE KEPT, THESE PAGES ARE OFFERED TO THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC: may they be blessed, even 'as a word spoken in due season.' " L. E. L."

Verily there is a time for all things, and this is the age of—but never mind,—the whole proceeding speaks for itself, and so shall L. E. L. in two specimens which, without further comment, we lay before the reader:—

THE INFANT ST. JOHN.

"Lo! on the midnight winds a young child's voice
With lofty hymn,
Calling on earth and heaven to rejoice
Along with him.
Those infant lips are given from above
A spirit tone,
And he speaks out those words of hope and love
To prophets known.
He is a herald, as the morning star
Brings daylight in,
For he doth bring glad tidings from afar
To man and sin.
Now let the desolate earth lift up her head,
And at the word,
Wait till the mountains kindle with the tread
Of Christ the Lord.
And earth was conscious of her God; he came
Meek and decried,

Bearing the weight of sorrow, sin, and shame;
And for us died.

Twice shall he come; even now the appointed hour
Is in its birth,

When he shall come in glory, and in power,
To judge the earth.

Not as before, to win mankind and save;
But in ire,

When earth shall be but as a mighty grave
In that red fire.

Do we not live now in those evil days
Which were foretold

In holy writings and inspired lays
Of prophets old?

There is a wild confusion in the world,
Like the vexed sea;

And ancient thrones are from high places hurled,
Yet man not free.

And vain opinions seek to change all life,
Yet yield no aid

To all the sickness, want, the grief and strife,
Which now pervade.

Are not these signs of that approaching time
Of blood and tears,

When thou shalt call to dread account the crime
Of many years?

Then who shall bide before thee? only he
Who is all thine,

Who hath stood fast, amid iniquity,
In faith divine.

Oh, Lord! awaken us; let us not cease
To look afar;

Let us not, like the foolish, call it peace
When there is war.

Oh! teach us to believe what thy blest word
Has long declared,

And let thy second advent, gracious Lord,
Find us prepared."

"THE MAGDALEN (LOQUITUR.)

The plaining murmur of the midnight wind
Like mournful music is upon the air;
So sad, so sweet, that the eyes fill with tears,
Without a cause—ah, no! the heart is heaped
So full with perished pleasures, vain regrets,
That nature cannot sound one grieving note
Upon her forest lyre, but still it finds
Mute echo in the sorrowing human heart.
Now the wind wails among the yellow leaves,
About to fall, over the faded flowers,
Over all summer's lovely memories,
About to die: the year has yet in store
A few dim hours, but they are dark and cold—
Sunshine, green leaves, glad flowers, they all are gone;
And it has only left the worn-out soil,
The leafless bough, and the o'er-clouded sky.
And shall humanity not sympathise
With desolation which is like its own?
So do our early dreams fade unfulfilled,
So does our hope turn into memory;
The one so glad, the other such despair
(For who can find a comfort in the past?)—
So do our feelings harden or decay,
Encrusting with hard selfishness too late,
Or bearing that deep wound whereof we die."

We have two new magazines this week to mention. Tait's *Edinburgh*, a lofty quarterly, and, like too many first numbers, rather heavier than need be; and *The Comic*, full of cuts, wooden and witty, à la Hood. *The Westminster*, which we have just received, contains some very important and interesting articles, some of which we may notice next week.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE THEATRES.

THE condition and prospects of the Great Houses are daily growing worse; consequently—(we are sorry for the *sequitur*; but being one, we are bound to recognise it)—consequently the hopes of the English Drama may be said to look upward. The results of the only dramatic event since our last, which is of sufficient interest and importance to claim detailed notice in our monthly report—the production of Miss Kemble's tragedy of "Francis I."—would of themselves have been sufficient to confirm, if needful, the belief we have long entertained,

and studiously sought to propagate, that the existence of theatres like those of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are absolutely incompatible with the existence of a drama corresponding in character and importance with the rest of our living national literature: we mean, that the mere *existence* of those theatres is sufficient to produce the baneful effects we refer to; for *while* they exist, foolish or knavish speculators will always be found to keep them open; and while they are kept open, every author, of whatever grade or pretensions, will idly, or ignorantly, or perversely, imagine that *they* must be the chief points of his aim, and all the rest mere stepping-stones, if he is a "rising" author, and objects of condescension, if he is a risen one. And, finally, (which is the point on which our argument wholly rests)—no new drama *can* succeed at the Great Houses, *if it deserve to succeed*; (for without desert, or with a due quantity of the opposite of desert, it may.) A drama, whether belonging to tragedy or comedy, which rests its claims to success upon just and legitimate foundations—which does not substitute mere caricature for character, mere extravagance, or mere excitement, for passion, and mannerism or manner for *manners*, *cannot* succeed where its pretensions cannot be appreciated; and who will say that they *can* be appreciated where the words in which they are developed, and the traits of countenance and tones of voice by which they are interpreted, cannot be heard and recognised? The daily and weekly critics have told us, in the coolest way in the world, that not one word in ten which Miss Kemble uttered, when playing the principal character in her tragedy of "Francis I." could be heard by more than one-tenth of the audience; and they have told us no more than the truth. And yet (passing by this) they go about to seek for *other* reasons why the tragedy cannot be expected to attain popularity! This is as if a man should offer to give twenty-four reasons why he cannot pay his bills, and begin by declaring that he has not a farthing of money. How are dramatic authors to satisfy the tacit claims which audiences have upon them, if they cannot make themselves heard? To seek for *other* reasons, is to trifle with all reason, and to insult common sense. On the other hand, this reason once admitted, all the acknowledged facts connected with the case are explained. In short, at the Great Houses, the only "legitimate" drama must consist either of regular recitative opera, or of "*explicable* dumb show and noise,"—"The Freischütz," "Three-fingered Jack," and the Pantomimes.—*New Monthly*.

UPON THE SPIRIT OF TRUE CRITICISM.

"To say this is good and that is bad," says La Bruyère, "is not morality." Very true, neither is it criticism. There is no criticism in this country—considering that word as the name of a science. A book comes out—it is capital, says one—it is detestable, says another. Its characters are unnatural—its characters are nature itself. On both sides there is affirmation, on neither proof.

In fact no science requires such elaborate study as criticism. It is the most analytical of our mental operations—to pause—to examine—to say *why* that passage is a sin against nature, or that plot a violation of art—to bring deep knowledge of life in all its guises—of the heart in all its mysteries to bear upon a sentence of approval or disapprobation—to have cultivated the feeling of beauty until its sense of harmony has grown as the ear of a musician—equally sensitive to discord—or alive to new combinations:—these are not light qualities, and these are not qualities, it may be answered, to be lightly lavished away. Every new book, it may be said, does not deserve that we should so honour it. We need not invoke the past, and summon all nature to hear us praise a butterfly, or crush a bug. We may on slight works arrogate the censor—yes, but we must first have been chosen the censor, by the acumen we have testified on great ones. Now, when an author who has risen into eminence, who begins to produce an effect upon his age, whose faults it becomes necessary to indicate as a warning, whose beauties we should illustrate as an example—when such a man produces a new work, what is the cant cry of the critics? "The peculiar merits and failings of Mr. So and So are too well known for us at this time of day to repeat them. The present work has all the characteristics of the last—if it does not increase, it will not diminish the well-earned reputation of the author." Then come the extracts, and a word or two at the end as precise and lucid as those at the beginning, and—there's the CRITICISM!

In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts, (which he generally does by extracts,) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the Quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book.

The specimen we have given above is of the innocuous order of reviewing. That which is bolder and more perspicuous divides itself into two classes—determined abuse and determined panegyric. In the first there is not a syllable of praise—in the second there is not a syllable of blame. With *The Edinburgh Review* Mr. Croker's "Boswell" has not a redeeming point—with *The Quarterly* it is the work next to Homer which the world would be most anxious to save from destruction. At this moment the press are uniting to extol Miss Kemble's *Francis the First*; but we have not yet heard a single reason why we should admire it. Are the characters new, yet true? Are the situations natural, yet striking?—if so, *why*?—show us not by your

praises, but your reasonings, that you are capable of forming a judgment as well as writing a panegyric. If you have discovered a phenomenon—investigate it! A good tragedy is at all times worth a deep criticism.

It becomes the duty of a critic to blame fearlessly where a bad author has become the fashion, and is in danger of misleading popular taste—where he affects the mental habits of his contemporaries—where he begins to form a meretricious school upon unsound principles. Thus Gifford was a great critic when he destroyed the "*de La Crusca*:" but then Gifford did not ridicule without proving his right to it. He was not like the insects who set upon Hazlitt, and buzzed away for a time—the reputation of a genius and a knowledge they were unable to enjoy.

Criticism is usually supposed, like virtue, to signify a certain austerity as its very essence. "Oh, the surly critics, the sour critics, the censorious critics!" cries the poor author; yet it is singular that the greatest critics have made their fame by the authors they have praised rather than those they have blamed. Addison is best known to us as a critic from the mere faculty of appreciating Milton. Longinus would be nothing but for his encomiums on Homer; and Schlegel is the most illustrious critic of the age, because he has vindicated with the deepest justice, the countless majesties of Shakspeare. The witty attack that gains a reputation to-day may be the bitterest disgrace to the author to-morrow; and the man who cut up Coleridge so cleverly in *The Edinburgh*, is at this moment the object of our pity for the degradation of the attempt. Time always wins our sympathies to the cause of genius; and though doubtless Zoilus was a model of a reviewer in his way, we forget his courage while we despise his blasphemy.

The elder Quarterly Reviews have done more to injure criticism in this country than literary men have yet observed. People talk of the rise of *The Edinburgh* as a new era in criticism. The first numbers of that review are certainly exceedingly clever; they contain good squibs, excellent pamphlets, much wit, some philosophy, and not a particle of proper criticism. They did not introduce, but they consolidated and adorned the pitiful system of reviewing a book by sneering at it. Criticism is analysis—with the *Edinburgh Reviewers* it was irony. The writers of that day, too, were miserably deficient in true taste—they had not the smallest susceptibility to genius—they were Gallicized to the core—they were critical Hayleys—on a great scale I allow, but Hayleys still—they ridiculed Coleridge, and despised Wordsworth; and though they rarely praised any thing largely, or predicted immortality to any work but the oration of Sir J. Macintosh, (a co-contributor,) on the trial of Peltier, they yet seriously bent themselves to examine and confess the beauties to be found "in the splendid pages" of Dr. Darwin. They originated that vicious habit, now interwoven with our critical habits, of debasing the lofty

guardianship of literature into the truckling defence of a party—they cut and squared their literary opinions to political purposes—they Whigged every thing they touched—they gauged and docketed all the objects of poetry—sun, moon, and stars—with the little excise notions of a faction that mistook snarling for philosophy; they were unutterably smart, clever, and small! They dwindled down all the genius they criticised—they would have dwarfed Goliath himself. You never find them expanding with the lofty thought—aspiring with the sublime image that they copied into their pages; they caught the Gulliver, and then played little tricks round him. * * *

Some seven years after the birth of *The Edinburgh*, up started *The Quarterly*, and one might have hoped that, seeing the faults of the precursor, the new aspirant might have aimed at a loftier ambition, and caught something of the spirit of true criticism. Not a bit of it!—the battledore of *The Quarterly* was merely set up to play at shuttlecock with the battledore of *The Edinburgh*. Rat! goes *The Edinburgh*, hitting hard at some Tory book; rat-tat! goes *The Quarterly*, with a mighty stroke at a Whig one! The same wonderful lack of penetration into genius—the same astonishing poverty of the faculties that admire—reign in both. At its very birth, *The Quarterly* began to prattle of Burns, like a fine gentleman praising the clever exciseman; and it thought “Waverly,” on the whole, a very respectable work—for the class of literature to which it belongs. It must be confessed that *The Quarterly* has, however, committed itself to praise a little more indiscreetly than *The Edinburgh*; it has predicted all sorts of immortality to Robert Southey and John Croker—it has spoken most handsomely of Mary Collings, a maid-servant, and John Somebody, a butler. In fact, there is something inherently servile in the admiration of *The Quarterly*!—when it praises a poor person’s poetry—the poor person must be a footman or a chambermaid; the magnificent genius—the bold aspirations—the stern strength of the author of the “Corn-Law Rhymes” might have slept uncelebrated for ever! but had he been a lacquey!—Oh Apollo!

From Mr. Lockhart—himself a man of genius, and who seems, by his Life of Burns, to have sympathies with genius—a little of the *mens divini* in reviewing might have been expected; but in no book should we look so vainly for any thing resembling the true principles of criticism as in the present *Quarterly*. Of a surety, its last state is worse than its first! If a foreigner, unacquainted with our literature, were to open the pages of *The Quarterly*, he would seek in vain for a single one of those names which now are in every one’s mouth; he would know nothing whatsoever of one of those authors whose words are now deeply sinking into the heart of the age; he would open upon “Croker’s Boswell” as the great book of the times; and the shrinking muses of England would seem absorbed in the recent performance of Miss Fanny Kemble. One of the grossest pieces of critical igno-

rance ever committed, occurred some three numbers since: in the review of Moore’s “Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,” is this passage:—“Johnson said that he delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.” Johnson never said any such thing; it was Boswell who made the remark. Now a mere misquotation is no offence, but a misquotation which proves the most thorough ignorance of the character of one of the most canvassed personages in history, shows the writer as a man wanting in all the fine susceptibilities that make the critic. It is not because Johnson did not utter the above sentence that I blame the reviewer, I blame him because Johnson could not have uttered it. A mistake is nothing, but to mistake Boswell for Johnson, is Pelion upon Ossa! In fact, the caliginous air of Albemarle Street begins now to wrap *The Quarterly* as with a shade; it smells of jobs; the noble spirit, (for it ought to be a noble spirit that produced Adam Blair,) is invisible; and while the politics smack of the placeman, the literature is graveolent of the bookseller.

While beneath party spirit, and party puffing, and party sneering, in the two *Quarterlies*, the genius of true criticism was slowly evaporating, *Blackwood’s Magazine* seized the languid spectre, and very nearly cudgelled it at once out of bodily existence. The idea of the new adventurers doubtless was to set up a magazine that should sell, and in order to obtain a sale, those bad passions in human nature which adore malice and garbage on personalities, were to be addressed. Accordingly criticism put on the bully, and stalked forth akimbo, like the Captain Fierce of a brothel; it called names, blustered, and blackguarded: when it talked of an author, it informed you that he was “pimpled,” and never ridiculed his writings without abusing his face. These miserable *Bobadilia* imposed on the popular taste; and thus the generous, the pure, the beautiful susceptibilities to merit—the deep and passionate science, which masters human nature before it dictates what is natural, gave way to a conventional Billingsgate in language, and in matter a moral pandering to the basest vulgarities of the herd. Of late, however, *Blackwood’s Magazine* has cast off these impurities; and among the finest criticisms of modern times, we may mention the review of Coleridge’s “Wallenstein” and Sotheby’s “Homer.”

* * * * *

The good critic—that rare ideal, must have in him courage to blame boldly, magnanimity to eschew envy, benevolence to search for obscure merit. He must have genius to appreciate, and learning to compare: he must have an eye for beauty, an ear for music, a heart for feeling, a mind for reason. “We are conscious of excellence,” says some author, “in proportion to the excellence within ourselves.”—(Abridged from an admirable paper in *New Monthly*.)

THE HORSE-MARKET IN ST. PAUL’S.
THERE is an interesting passage in Mr. Blunt’s excellent Sketch of the Reformation in England, (Murray’s Family Library,

No. XXVI.) where he describes the desecration of St. Paul’s Church by secular business previous to the Reformation. After mentioning some of these, Mr. Blunt proceeds:—“In the spacious nave was the exchange for the merchants, (for Sir Thomas Gresham had not yet lived to remove the reproach,) and the scene of all the brawlings of the horse-fair. Payments of money were made at the font; and the crypt or under-ground chapel, in which the early mass was said, was the trysting-place of the nightly revellers of either sex.”

Mr. Blunt quotes Shakspeare (Hen. IV. act i. sc. 2,) in illustration of that part which relates to the horse-fair. We here give an extract from an old and rare work, which serves to confirm and illustrate the whole passage. Our readers are perhaps aware that on the 4th of June, 1561, the old church of St. Paul’s was struck by lightning. On the 8th of June, Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, preached a sermon at St. Paul’s Cross, in which he considered this as a divine judgment and a warning to the nation, and enumerated the causes which he supposed had led to this judgment. His sermon was answered by a Roman Catholic, in a little treatise, entitled “An Addicion with an apologie to the causes of burnynge of Paules Church, the which causes were uttered at Paules Crosse by the reverend Bishop of Duresme the viii of June, 1561.”

The Papist attributes the wrath of God to the cessation of the usual service in the church, which he argues on in this manner:—“As in St. Pauls Church in London by the decrees of blessed fathers, every night at midnight they had Mattines, all the forenoon Masses in the church, with other devine service and contynuall prayer: and in the steple Antines and prayers were had certayne tymes: but consider how farre now contrarye the Church has been used, and it is no marvaile yf God had sende downe fire to burne part of the Church as a signe of his wrath.”

Bishop Pilkington replies to all these charges in different parts of his refutation of this “Addicion,” &c. in one of which the following passage occurs:—

“God and not manne will be glorified in Goddes house; Goddes house must be a house of prayer, and not the proud towre of Babilon, nor the Popes market-place, nor a stewes for bawdes and ruffians, nor a horse-faire for brokers, no nor yet a burse for marchantes, nor a metynge place for walkinge and talkynge. If a convenient place to mete for honest assemblies can not be founde nor had convenientlye other where; a particion might be had to close uppe and shut the praters from prayers, the walkers and tanglers from well disposed persones, that they should not trouble the devout hearers of Gods worde, so that the one should not heare nor see the other..... No place hais bene more abused than Pauls hais bene, nor more against the receyving of Christe’s Gospell: wherefore it is more marvaile that God spared it so longe, rather than that hee overthrewe it nowe.

“From the toppe of the steple downe within the grounde no place hais bene free;

from the toppe of the spire at coronations, or other solemne triumphes, some for vaine glory used to throw themselves downe by a rope, and so killed themselves vainly to please other men's eyes. At the Battlements of the steple sundrye times were used their Popish antems to call upon their Goddes with torch and taper in the evenings. In the top of one of the pinacles, is lollers towre, where manye an innocent soule has been by theym cruellye tormented and murdered. In the middest alley was their longe censer reachinge from y^e rofe to the ground, as though the holy Ghost came in their censeng down in liknes of a Dove. On ye arches, though commonly men complaine of wrong and delayed judgement in ecclesiasticall causes, yet because I wyll not judge by here saye I passe over it, savinge onelye for such as have bene condemned there by Annas and Caiaphas for Christes cause, as innocently as any Christians could be. For their images hanged on every wall, pillar, and doore, with their pilgrimages and worshippinge of them; I will not stand to rehearse them, because they can not be unknownen to all men that have seene London or hearde of them. Their massing and many altars wyth the rest of their Popyshe service which he so much extolles I passe over, because I answered them afore. The south alley for usurye and Poperye; the north for simony; and the Horse-faire in the middest for all kind of bargains, metinges, brawlinges, murthers, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary paimentes of money are so well knowne to all menne as the begger knowes his dishe. The Popishe clergy began and mayntained these and Godles worldlinges defende theym: where the poore Protestant lamentes and woulde amend them. Judas chappell under the ground with Thapostles masse so early in the morninge, was counted by report as fit a place to worke a feat in as the stewes or taverne; so that without and within, above the ground and under, over the rooffe and beneath, on the toppe of the steple and spire downe to the lowe flore, not one spot was free from wickednes, as the said Byshop did then in his sermon declare, so that we should praise God for his mercy in sparynge it so longe, and now tremble at his fearful judgement in justly revenging such filthiness; God for his mercy sake graunt it may now be amended."—(*The British Magazine*, which exhibits improvement and promise.)

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

GOETHE is no more! The literature of Europe has lost no name of equal celebrity since the death of Byron, and it has but one other of equal celebrity left to lose. Byron's last letter to Goethe was to announce his intention of making a pilgrimage to Weimar, the moment the affairs of Greece would allow his departure; and it has been generally understood to have been the intention of Sir Walter Scott, on his return through Germany from his present tour to Italy and Greece, to pay a visit to the only author in Europe whose fame could be said

to rival his own. In both cases Death has stepped in to prevent the meeting.

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe, was born on the 28th of August, 1749, at Frankfort on the Maine. His birth thus preceded by a year the great epoch of the regeneration of the literature of his country, which is generally dated from the publication of the first part of Klopstock's "Messiah," in the year 1750. Of his early life, Goethe himself has given an elaborate account in some auto-biographical memoirs which he has left incomplete. The first work of importance which he published was his "Götz of Berlichingen," unfavourably criticised by Herder, defended by Bürger and Wieland, mentioned as an example of the deficiency of taste in German authors, by Frederick the Great of Prussia, and some time afterwards translated into English by the then obscure Walter Scott. "The Sorrows of Werter," which followed, made the name of Goethe known throughout Europe; and it has even been said that scenes from it have been found painted in Chinese porcelain, a circumstance alluded to in one of the short poems of the author. Shortly after, Goethe made a tour through Italy, a country which he used ever after to remember with delight, and in which he laid the scene of some of his most successful productions. On his return to Germany, he fixed his residence at Weimar, under the patronage of the reigning duke. Here, in the constant enjoyment of the friendship of Herder, Wieland, and Schiller, like himself resident at that maritime capital, he gave to the world many of those celebrated productions which contributed so largely to stamp the end of the last and the beginning of the present century as the Augustan age of the literature of the Germans. To these happy days, the death of Schiller and the French invasion of Germany in 1805, put an end. Napoleon, ever seeking to attach men of genius to his party, by the ties of gratitude, had an interview with Goethe, which he concluded by taking the cross of the legion of honour from his own button-hole and attaching it to the poet's. After the peace of 1815, Goethe, the survivor of all the other great authors of the Augustan age, was looked up to in Germany as at once the prince and the patriarch of their literature. Seldom attempting any new work of importance, he yet kept a vigilant eye on the letters and fine arts of all the countries of Europe, of which he published his opinions in a work entitled "Art and Antiquity," (*Kunst und Alterthum*.) His favourite modern writers seem to have been our Byron and the Italian Manzoni; for the former of whom, especially, he always expressed a great admiration. His literary supremacy was all but unanimously acknowledged by his countrymen; and the names of a few obscure authors who attempted to dispute it, were covered with obloquy and contempt. Each recurring birth-day was sure to bring with it some new proof of the respect and admiration in which he was held. At one time medals were struck to commemorate the event; at another, a stranger suddenly knocked at the door of

the house where Goethe was joining with a party of friends in the usual festivities, and, discovering himself as the king of Bavaria, announced that he had left his capital for the express purpose of paying his congratulations to the author of "Faust;"—the most romantic compliment, perhaps, that any poet has ever received. On his eighty-second birth-day, in 1831, (destined to be his last,) a splendid present was made him from a body of his English admirers, who subscribed for that purpose, and amongst whom Sir Walter Scott was said to have enrolled his name. Thus honoured and admired, it was only in his domestic affairs that Goethe could be deemed unhappy. The loss of his only son, two years ago, had a visible effect on his health and spirits, though a grandson still remained, and, we believe, still remains, who was thought to inherit much more of his grandfather's genius than his father. On the 22d of March, Goethe called for writing-paper, observed he was glad the spring was come, sat down in his arm chair, and . . . expired. The place of his burial has long been decided on. His friend, the duke of Saxe-Weimar, who died a few years ago, expressed a wish to have the honour of reposing between Schiller and Goethe, and we understand a mausoleum was prepared accordingly.

The great characteristic of the works of Goethe is their variety. He is conspicuous not only as a pastoral, or lyric, and a dramatic poet, but as a novelist, a critic, a biographer, a traveller, and a botanist. In the latter department of science, he made, towards the end of the last century, some valuable discoveries, which have almost every succeeding year been recognised as more and more important. The variety of his pursuits was perhaps, however, detrimental to the full development of the genius of Goethe. In dramatic poetry he is confessedly inferior to Schiller; in pastoral poetry he is, at all events, rivalled by his predecessor Voss; and in criticism, it is only his remarks on Hamlet, in the novel of Wilhelm Meister, which can be considered equal to those of Schlegel. If, indeed, we are to trust to a late publication, the opinion of Goethe's merits as a critic would suffer a shock indeed, from his seeing so much in the common-place cleverness of Puckler Muskau, and so little in the sterling genius of the great Sir Walter. As a lyric poet, he is hardly equal either to Bürger or Schiller; as a novelist, he is rivalled by Wieland; as a biographer and a traveller, his works have not created any new standard of excellence. It will thus be seen that, compared with the celebrated authors of his own country and time, his individual works are all either rivalled or surpassed; and were the comparison extended to the literature of the rest of Europe, and of other periods, they would of course sink still lower. All the plays of Goethe would be as dust in the balance weighed against any one of the masterpieces of Shakspeare; the lyrics of Campbell, though fewer in volume, are greater in value than his; and all the tales, not only of Goethe, but of all Ger-

many, sink into insignificance when compared with "Waverley," with "The Bride of Lammermoor," or with "Ivanhoe."

The works on which Goethe's fame may be said principally to rest, are the three plays, "Iphigenia," "Egmont," and "Torquato Tasso;" the idyl "Hermann and Dorothea," and the mystery of "Faust;" the first projected but the last published of his principal works. Of "Iphigenia" there is a close translation by Taylor, of Norwich; and of "Torquato Tasso," one was published a few years ago by Mr. Desvœux, of which Goethe in his conversation with the author of "Petersburgh in 1827," expressed a warm approbation. These translations, however, never attracted much public attention, and the latter in particular may be said to have fallen still-born from the press. Of "Hermann and Dorothea," two English versions have appeared;—one anonymous, in prose, and another in blank verse by Holcroft, which seems to have fallen into few hands, but has always, we believe, been perused with eagerness by those into whose hands it has fallen. Of "Faust," opinions vary so much, that the decision on its merits must be left entirely to posterity. One fact, however, is unfortunately certain, that the author has repeatedly violated the respect due to decency and to religion.

Madame de Stael said, many years ago, that there was a numerous class of persons in Germany who would contrive to find genius in the direction of a letter, if Goethe had written it. This enthusiasm, far from decreasing, seems to have augmented of late years. The admiration of Goethe was so high as to place him completely above all criticism, and to make it considered a sort of heresy to doubt that whatever he did was wisest, virtuous, discreet, best. Of all men of genius who ever wrote, the works of Goethe will perhaps be found to contain the greatest quantity of what is either merely clever, or decidedly common-place.—Perhaps of the forty volumes of his works, scarcely more than four will be found to consist of master-pieces. In Germany, all have, however, been regarded as equally good, and his English admirers, who were formerly distinguished for their discrimination, seem lately to have gone over to the side of the wholesale sticklers for his supremacy. To Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, who calls some of his earlier compositions "feeble," and most of his later ones "twaddle," have succeeded Mr. Carlyle and Mrs. Austin, who see in every line from his pen the genius of "the master." In opposition to this violent praise, some equally violent abuse of Goethe has appeared in our periodicals: some years ago he was styled in *The London Magazine*, by De Quincy the opium-eater, "the old vagabond;" and in this month's number of *Blackwood's*, it jars upon the feelings to find him designated in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* as "the old humbug." Posterity will, we think, adopt the language neither of Mr. Carlyle nor of De Quincy. That Goethe was in possession of genius, those who have read his "Hermann and Dorothea," his "Faust," or his "Tasso," will assuredly never deny; but in our hum-

ble opinion, ten years after his funeral, few or none will be found to rank him with Homer, with Shakspeare, or, we will add, with Sir Walter Scott.

It only remains to add, that the personal appearance of Goethe was imposing, and that his lofty pile of forehead was particularly conspicuous. A portrait of him in his earlier life was given in the "German Museum," an ingenious but unsuccessful periodical of the year 1800; in the "Magazine of Foreign Literature," another ingenious but unsuccessful periodical of (we think) 1823, will be found a representation of him as he appeared more recently. In *Fraser's Magazine* for March, a full-length likeness was given of this celebrated man,—doubtless the last which appeared while he was yet among us. H.

SCIENCE AND ART.

PYCROFT'S PATENT IMPROVEMENTS IN GRATES, &c.

THIS invention consists in a particular arrangement and construction of grates or fire-places, whereby much of the heat heretofore lost is made available in heating a quantity of air, either from the room in which the fire is contained, or from an inlet from the outer atmosphere, and such heated air may pass into the room in which the fire is contained, or be conveyed to other rooms as may be desired. The patentee illustrates his description by three different figures, the first of which will be sufficient for our purpose.



The above cut represents a side section of the newly-constructed grate: *a* is the fire-place for the fuel; *b b* are the registers or inlets for the cold air when such air is derived from the room; *c c* are outlets for the air when it has become heated by pass-

ing into the hollow chambers; *d d* formed at the sides, back, and top of the grates or fire-places; *e* is the flue which is shown as being of a rectangular form, but other forms may be used. This flue it will be seen stands back from the fire, the fire being brought as forward as possible with a view to throwing as much heat as can be into the room; yet, as such bringing forward of the fire would tend to cause the smoke to enter the room in place of going up the chimney, and in order to prevent this a shield or cover is used, which will descend and cover the upper part of the fire, and at the same time acts as a blower to excite the fire; *f* is the front part of the cover, which is hinged to the upper part of the grate or stove, on the inner side of which the part *g* slides so as to elongate the cover or shield when the same is drawn outwards, for the purpose of covering the fire. This part *g* has slits cut in it, and also pins or studs formed in the inner side of the part *f*, which permits of its being drawn down, but is retained in any position by means of a screw pin on the top of the shield and rack affixed on the side of the part *f*, as shown in the drawing.

When the fire is lighted, and fresh coal put on the cover or shield *f*, *g* should be drawn down so as to cover the upper part of the fire, and thus will the black smoke be directed up the chimney; and when the coal has burned up, the cover or shield may be slid up, and be placed level with the surface of the back of the stove, and only leave a small space for the smoke to pass to the chimney; and it will be evident, that so long as a fire is in the grate or fire-place, the air which is contained in the hollow chambers will become heated, and will pass off at the openings or outlets *c c*, into the room. In case the air so heated be desired to be passed into other rooms, then the outlets *c c* are to be closed, and openings into tubes or pipes placed for that purpose are to be opened, when the heated air will pass into any other room which is connected by pipes for that purpose; and in place of permitting the air of the room to enter into the flow chambers *d d*, pipes are generally used, connected with the hollow chambers, and open to the outer atmosphere; in which case, the openings *b b* must be opened: *h* is a damper, placed a short distance up the chimney or flue, by which the extent of draft may be regulated or wholly shut off when required; *i* is a small door, through which the hot air may be conveyed into the chimney when not wanted.

AINGWORTH'S NEW PATENT BUTTON.

THIS patent is for a minute improvement on that of Mr. Aston, of Bromsgrove. It is not that we, with Sylvester Daggerwood, have "a soul above buttons," but we find it extremely difficult to understand the exact degree of improvement to which the patentee lays claim. We had no idea that the mystery of button-making was so abstruse. It appears from the evidence of Mr. Aingworth that a button could never be made at all, if it had its own way, and was not absolutely compelled to be a button. Animals

are tenacious of life, but buttons show a yet more remarkable tenacity of nonentity. Would the reader believe it? Three plans are appended to this most voluminous patent, which occupies as much parchment as would make a million of buttons, and that these three plans represent an army of figures and a myriad of means to compel the reluctant elements of a button to cohere and become a button! First, a piece of cloth of a peculiar texture, is cut out larger than the size of the intended button; then two or three, or more pieces of thick paper; then a metal plate; then a bevilled steel ring; then *encore du papier*; and, "conclude with the cloth," as they say in quadrille dancing. So much for the materials, in which there is little new but the paper. These are divided into two portions; the former cloth, paper, and steel are put into a barrel, or rammer, or tube fitted into a bench, or frame, or,—may we name it?—a shop-board. In this tube, by means of a plug, the materials are pressed together. A similar barrel receives the other portions of cloth, steel, and paper, which are in like manner compressed. The two tubes are then united, and the whole of the component parts of the buttons are pressed together so as to form *one*. The edges of the cloth and paper are turned round the bevilled ring, and being then removed to a very pretty instrument of the press kind, the button receives its last squeeze, and comes out completed.

After all these perils, the button is supposed to be superior to any button that has suffered less. It can be stitched to the coat without an elastic neck; it sits more closely, and its soft edge does not wear the cloth as a metal one would do, (the ring or plate being wholly covered by the edges of the softer materials) and Mr. Aingworth thinks that he has achieved much in making a button without a neck. We have no doubt that the improvement is great, but we cannot understand it. The more kinds of buttons, the better; the more machines, the better; the more hands employed, the better; and the more patents, the better, say we. We heartily wish that better times may come soon, that men may wear more buttons to their coats, and more coats to their buttons than the present times will afford.—*Repertory of Patent Inventions*.

AMERICAN PATENT WASHING MACHINE.

THIS washing machine differs in its structure and mode of operation from all others hitherto invented. It consists of a cylindrical vessel, the bottom of which is to be fluted on the inside, the flutes proceeding in radii from the centre; the sides are also to be fluted a few inches up. There is to be a dasher, consisting of a block of wood, with a shaft attached to it like that of a churn. The lower side of the dasher is to be fluted like the bottom of the vessel. The clothes are to be put into the vessel with a sufficient quantity of water, and the dasher placed upon them; its shaft is to pass through a lid or cover. On the top of the dasher is a cross bar, or handle. The machine may be operated by a person turning the dasher,

horizontally, half, or quite, round and back. By this means a great saving of time and labour will be effected, without injury to the articles washed, as experiment has amply demonstrated.

The inventor does not hereby claim as his invention, vessels, fluted work, or rollers, but merely the manner of improving them, by uniting their operations in the mode above mentioned.—*Rep. Pat.*

ZINC PLATES FOR THE ROOFING OF BUILDINGS.

ZINC, rolled into large plates, is now a good deal employed as a substitute for lead and slates, in the roofing of buildings, both in Britain and on the continent. The great advantage of these plates of zinc is their lightness, being only about one-sixth part of the weight of lead. They do not rust, which is another great advantage, and has led to the employment of zinc pipes both for cold and hot water.—*Brewster's Journal*.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

A MERE GLANCE AT SUFFOLK STREET.

THESE pictures are generally of a merit inverse to their dimensions, and the labour apparently bestowed upon them. On the whole, the pencil sketches are better worth looking at than the paintings, and the smaller ones of these are more pleasing than the larger. If we might, without unfairness, particularize one artist from among the five hundred exhibitors, we should mention the name of Innskipp, who has ten oil sketches, chiefly of female heads and figures, full of originality, boldness, and elegance of touch, with a real richness of colouring, not to be matched by any other in the rooms. Next to these, and of a somewhat similar but more sparkling colouring, are Nos. 73 and 86, the "Flower Girl," and "The Love Bird," near which are hung three tiny little pieces of gallant subjects, Nos. 76, 77, 78, the "Conversation," the "Cavalier, Lady, and Page," and "Relaxation," by R. F. Bone. No. 75, too, "The Lady Chapel, Church of St. Pierre, Caen," is a highly-finished and richly-coloured architectural piece. Now for a few others, as they come before us:—

13. "Ruins, Composition," D. Roberts; looks indeed like a "composition," well and elaborately painted, but wants nature, if that can be in art.

32. "A View of Windsor Castle," by Childe; spoiled by the unnaturally dizzy light of the foreground.

57. "A Portrait of Mrs. Davenport as the Nurse," by Holmes; like, but wants the eye, the very light and soul of every countenance.

87. "A couple of Pets," by Lonsdale; a most petty affair, composed of two dogs, two chairs, a jar, a book, a feather, and a wall.

93. "A Larder," with a hare, some eggs, a bottle, a basket, and a plucked fowl; there are here some dozen similarly interesting "works of art," intended no doubt for sign-boards, or public tap-rooms.

97. "Tyrono Power, Esquire," by Simp-

son, with all his ruddy impudence to the life.

103. "Coast scene," by Wilson; never was such a coast scene seen; the lights, sea, sands,—all are unnatural; the haze in back ground is well represented.

156. "The Grecian Choirs at the temple of Apollo," by Linton; a large, guady, but unmeaning piece; the bridge, which is particularly described by Plutarch as most "magnificently decorated with gold and garlands, rich stuffs and tapestry," is hardly seen, nor is its site discovered till after careful search.

181. A disagreeable and expansive picture, representing "A Father and Child rescued from a watery grave by the intrepidity of a British seaman," by H. E. Dawe. The subject is easier conceived than executed, but we should say that the attitudes were radically and widely false.

208. A capital portrait of "The Ettrick Sherherd, in his Forest Plaid," by Gordon.

224. "The first picture of a series, intended to represent the Procession to the Abbey on the day of the Coronation of his present Majesty, King William the Fourth, containing the Portraits of distinguished personages who attended on that occasion," by P. B. Davis. Can it be possible that this long string of horses and footmen is "painted for His Majesty?" and, if so, by whose advice, whether ministers of state, or committee-men of taste, was this satire, this insult upon British art, commanded? The whole of this first fifteen feet of canvass is a very ordinary daub, the royal countenances being the most daubed of the whole production. We suppose these unique works of art are to decorate some part of the royal palace walls, whether the kitchens or the parlours, we know not; or, perhaps, are they designed as the collar for some new "order of the procession," or similar dignity, in contemplation. In fact, conjecture is in the mud, as the royal cavalcade was on the eventful day here celebrated.

Specimens of Art. Part. XI.

THIS is the eleventh part of a highly-interesting series of plates, very well engraved in mezzotinto, after the most esteemed ancient and modern masters. We have here the "Spanish Girl and Nurse," at the window, after Murillo; "The Bivouac" of Chartlet; the "Biatrice Cenci" of Guido; and Mr. Havell's "Brown Study."

Filial Solicitude. Painted by Madame Les-cot, engraved by Saml. Angeli.

A young girl supporting her aged mother across a rustic wooden bridge. There is something very pretty and expressive in the two countenances, and the whole plate is a creditable production, both to artist and engraver.

Mexican Scenery, &c. By Mr. John Lyon.

Two specimens have been sent us of this series of plates, which it is proposed to publish by subscription. They are to be neatly coloured, and, we doubt not, will form an interesting companion to the late Capt. Lyon's Mexican Memoirs.

MUSIC.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE had Donizetti's Opera Buffa, *Olivo e Pasquale*, on Saturday and Tuesday. It is a lively, bustling production, in plot somewhat resembling the *Clandestine Marriage*, and others of that class, and in the music, presenting much more of variety than novelty. Mariani played *Olivo*, the passionate brother, and sang with rather improved effect. We fear, however, that he is of too slovenly a habit either to do his voice justice, or pronounce the words to the satisfaction of the listeners. V. Galli, who did the goodnatured *Pasquale*, shone to considerable advantage in this respect, and produced an effect tenfold of any he had produced before. Curioni was the intended husband, *Le Bross*, singing and acting with musical spirit; and Madame De Meric, as the heroine, did herself great credit. Her dress was badly made, but her address was good, and her singing silvery as ever, and scientifically correct. There are but few fine pieces in this opera, and only one which obtained an encore, a really beautiful duet between De Meric and Curioni, in the second act. A wretched individual, of the name of Arnaud, was made yet more wretched with the miseries of the crossed lover *Camillo*, the audience being oppressed with an accumulation of misery, from which they had frequently to laugh themselves into good humour. We trust this young man will, without further tarry, be sent to some "bourn whence no stupid actor returns."

The opera was followed by a new grand "magic ballet," as the book-editor calls it, entitled *L'Anneau Magique*, (The Enchanted Ring,) which, for splendour of decoration, general getting up, and grouping, is, perhaps, without parallel on these or any other English boards. The story, of course, is about an evil fairy, who, wishing to lure our young hero, binds his finger with the "enchanted ring," and carries him off to her palace and her fairy amusements; from which thralldom he is at length released by the good heroine, who snatches the ring off his finger, and brings down a cluster of clouds, which disperse and discover "the Palace of Morgande, with the Vision of the Sun;" decidedly the most splendid and beautiful effect we ever beheld on the stage. All the scenery, in fact, is on a most magnificent scale, and the transitions are tastefully managed. The music is by Count Gallenberg, not an amateur, as *The Times* had it, but a professor whose talents conferred upon him the title his name now bears. His music exhibits considerable genius, skill and variety; and some, the daemon music, for instance, is of a very superior class. The dancing of Lecompte and Albert, was in their finest style, and there was a Bohemian figure-dance, which received great applause. On Tuesday night we had one or two accidents, both of "grave and gay" character, which may be briefly enumerated by way of warning. 1. Poor Albert sprained his leg again, and his part was finished by Finart.—2. One of the *danseuses*, in a general promenade round the stage,

tripped up at Mr. Rubbi's (prompter's) pot, which was carelessly fastened, scratched herself a little, and screamed more;—a man came on to secure the trap afresh, and the audience slightly murmuring their displeasure, the prudent fellow very snugly slipped through the hole before finally closing it, much to the amusement of the audience, who laughed, and applauded with most unaristocratic heartiness.—3. The trimming of Madame Lecompte's fine gauze dress came unfastened; when she stopped her *pas*, and began to dismantle herself of this dangling train, which went on widening and lengthening till nearly the whole of the upper garment disappeared, when the pirouetting was resumed, and ended with renewed applause.—4. And finally, an elegant car, with a brace of dragons, in which the good fairy was proceeding through the enchanted wood, stopped suddenly short,—the spirited animals dashing their desperate heads against the side scenes, and flapping their stubborn tails at the indignant spirit, who poked at them most coachman-like with her silver wand, then in despair leaped from her troublesome seat of honour, resolving to proceed onwards in humble pedestrian guise. After this the devils came on, and one of the chief of the tribe seized the deserted car, and strove to propel it forward; but the dragons were more than a match for him, and stood their ground so resolutely, that even the devil had to give up the struggle. In the end, what neither goddess nor devil could accomplish was effected by a mortal biped in green and red, who coming coolly and stoutly to the tug of war, dragged off the rebellious *drag-ons* in inglorious captivity.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—Selection of Music.

Saturday.—Rob Roy; the Rent Day.

Monday.—Romeo and Juliet; Masaniello.

Tuesday.—The Hypocrite; the Brigand; the Rent Day.

Wednesday.—Selection of Music.

Thursday.—The Compact; the Rent Day.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—No performance.

Saturday.—Francis the First; Auld Roblin Gray; Rosina.

Monday.—Francis the First; the Barber of Seville.

Tuesday.—Francis the First; the Marriage of Figaro.

Wednesday.—No performance.

Thursday.—The Hunchback; Rosina.

LOVERS as we are and promoters as we would be of the national drama, it is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that we announce a most novel and successful performance on Thursday night, at Covent Garden Theatre. The lateness of the hour, and the early date of our publication, however, must restrict us to little more than the bare announcement. Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who has been long known as the talented author of *Virginus*, *William Tell*, and other tragic plays, has produced another five act piece entitled the *Hunchback*, enacting moreover the principal character himself, and therein making his first appearance on the stage, and in both respects

as author and actor, with most flattering success. The love plot of this play is common place enough:—A young country lady, *Julia*, (Miss Kemble) brought up to town, where she indulges in all kinds of dissipation and expence, and quarrels with her intended, *Sir Thomas Clifford*, (C. Kemble) on the eve of their proposed wedding. Offended pride, another match, misery and final remorse on the part of the heroine, with philosophic wretchedness and forgiveness on the part of the hero, are worked out in the end, the plot being secretly assisted by the benevolent, but unprepossessing Hunchback, the guardian, and afterwards the confessed father of the lady. There were one or two beautifully written scenes, which being well delivered, were warmly applauded. Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the double debutant, acquitted himself without any shew of the nervousness of a young hand, and displayed a rough and vigorous style of acting, with a weak voice strongly impregnated with the Hibernian twang, and a little too much study occasionally in his points. Mr. and Miss Kemble both acted with more than their usual success; and there was a comic underplot between *Helen* (Miss Taylor) and *Modus* (Abbott,) in which the former upbraids the latter for the coolness of his love, and tries to drill him into a little ecstasy, which displayed considerable originality and tact, and was well enacted. The play, though it flagged towards the end, was most heartily applauded, and the author being loudly called for, at length made his appearance, when a droll and perhaps unprecedented scene occurred. Mr. Knowles and Mr. Kemble conferred a considerable time aside, shaking hands and looking unutterables,—then Mr. Knowles addressed the audience and told them that they were surely, then, only applauding their own good nature,—and begged to announce his play for repetition on Saturday, and "on Monday, Miss Fanny Kemble's." Here he was interrupted by Mr. Kemble, who exclaimed, "No! No!" and looked quite overwhelmed with modesty and astonishment;—then the audience applauded, and some laughed;—then Mr. Knowles and Mr. Kemble conferred anew, and Mr. C. Kemble tried to announce the play afresh, and Mr. S. Knowles would not let him;—then Mr. S. Knowles appealed to the audience, told them "he was overwhelmed with their kindness," and not on any account to "listen to his friend Mr. Kemble's ———;" at this the audience were in the height of joviality, and Mr. Kemble was a little bit puzzled, so he pushed Mr. Knowles off the stage, then spoke to the audience, and announced the play for repetition every evening till further notice.

At Drury Lane, on the same evening, there was a new play in three acts, entitled the *Compact*, founded on a story in Ingless's "Spain in 1830;" which was well sustained by Farren, Cooper, Harley, Wallack, Brindal, Mrs. Faucit, Miss Chaplin, and Mrs. Humby, and a quantity of new scenery. It was quite successful, and will prove an interesting novelty.

HAYMARKET.—FRENCH PLAYS.

THE French company have played four nights with considerable success; the subscription is for twenty nights, and in our next Number we shall be able to say something more in particular about them.

MINORS.

ADELPHI.—The German Prince again! The whiskers and the 'killing looks' of this redoubtable hero haunt us at every turn. We have no sooner finished his four volumes, and thanked our stars the task was done, than we are presented with "His Highness, in his manner as he lived" (or *lives*) on the boards of the Strand snuggery: the piece, too, is an acknowledgment from the party concerned for the favours bestowed on the English aristocracy in his Highness's book as aforesaid:—in other words, the new burletta is attributed to a pen no less illustrious than that of the noble translator of Catherine of Cleves, Lord Francis Leveson Gower; and, very probably, is like all his lordship's former productions, a mere adaptation from some foreign source, with a few original hits at poor Puckler-Muskau, to make the matter "thick and slab." With all its advantages, however, the thing does not take, and has not stamina sufficient to enable it to weather out more than a very few nights. Yates was almost its sole support, in the character of a *Captain Roughnote*, seemingly intended as a personification of the head of our modern travellers, but who is quickly transformed into "His Highness, the German Prince," (by way of disguise, to forward a love affair) in whose "outward case" the captain perpetrates all manner of monstrosities, which have either been confessed in his book, or laid to his charge by his reviewers. Yates did all this well, but it did not "take," and his labour was therefore thrown away. The other characters were mere foils to the grand one; and the puns, of which a fearful number were scattered up and down, were generally execrable.

NEW STRAND.—Rayner's *Lenten Olio*, like Yate's, is a revivification of antiquities, under the title of *The World as it Runs*, he retails divers stories which have done him "good service" long ago. The monodialogue *disguises*, in which a clever boy, Master Carbery, enacts some half dozen characters, hath also the air of an old acquaintance; and, if we mistake not, the second piece, which is done by Rayner himself, is merely a revival of one which he used to perform at the Surrey a year or two ago. Ramo Samee's tricks are as old as the hills:—Signor Benesontag is simply the Mr. Benson of last year at the Adelphi, where he was dubbed "the Northern Siffleur;" and Herr Schmidt with his *Transparent Views*, is, we suspect, a mere *Mister Smith*!

PAVILION.—The east enders are regularly treated with second editions of the novelties of the other houses:—the reigning favourites being *The Reading of the Will*, *The Dumb Brigand*, and *Paul Clifford*. Williams, of Sadler's Wells, is starring here with some success.

MISCELLANEA.

PUNNING LACONICS.

"A go of summit short."—Public House Vocabulary.

SOLDIERS are generally considered inconstant. Is it from their being accustomed to *cut-lasses*?

Red-haired men make the best troops, for they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

It is said, the older we grow, the wiser we get: but is it not more natural to suppose, that the *greater* a person's years, the more *ass* he?

No man should appear unhappy, on the principle that no good *wight* ever looks *blue*.

If virtue lie in resisting temptation, surely no woman is *chased* unless she be *run after*.

Marriage is designated the *bridle* state: and, indeed, it puts a *curb* upon most persons.

Clocks that have stopped, by misrepresenting the time, become paradoxes; they *stand* and *lie* simultaneously.

Schools for young persons are called *preparrot-ory*; because at them every thing is learned by rote.

Intercourse is generally a sign of friendship: and, indeed, it is but natural, if you *correspond* with a person, for most persons to think you *like* him.

The lower class of people is termed the *can-oil* (canaille:) on the same principle, the middle men should be called the *sperm-o'-city*.

A sword is one of the emblems of justice: and it is but *uniform* that, with such a weapon, we should meet *red-dress*.

The week preceding Easter is most appropriately termed *Passion Week*; inasmuch as that even the buns are *cross*.

Jews generally wear beards, to show that they are of the tribe of *Hair-on* (Aaron.)—(From a monthly budget of fun, the *Comic Magazine*.)

The Want of Accomplishment in Actors.—

It is a striking fact that the pretenders to public approbation on our stage seem none of them, or with few exceptions, educated to their profession: the stage is a kind of *pis aller*—when either man or woman can do nothing better, and will do nothing worse, they become an actor or actress. This is owing to an unjust, and indeed absurd odium, which lingers about the theatre, from the nature of its origin in England, and its supposed connexion with the devil. If people were brought up to the theatre as to any other profession, as assuredly they might be without discredit, and with the hopes of a livelihood, they would assuredly know more than one thing, and that imperfectly. The instant it were decided that a child should be brought up to the drama, the education of the form, and the voice, and the countenance, should immediately be begun, so that at nineteen or twenty we might expect to see an artist, instead of an escaped apprentice or a rejected dressmaker. If an actress can sing now-a-days, she can never dance; if she can dance, she can neither sing nor speak—it seems as if the

liberty of the toes threw a constraint upon every other organ of the frame; and, on the other hand, if the author, under an idea that his heroine would be able to exhibit grace of form as well as sweetness of voice, introduced a dance, it is always on our stage turned over to some one else, awkwardly enough—almost as awkward as it is to see Wrench, who never sang a note, play Count Almaviva, and get his valet to sing for him. In the *Belle's Stratagem*, the heroine is expected to dance a kind of minuet in the masquerade-row, though Lætitia Hardy is represented as a most accomplished actress of real life, at all points, and Doricourt, her lover, the pink of all perfection; it always turns out on the stage that one or the other cannot dance, and a substitute is to be sought among the figurantes. The time will come when young persons will be as regularly bred to the stage as the bar, and when there will be as little evil reputation at one as at the other. We throw a load of rubbish on a piece of vegetation, and then wonder that it does not flourish: the stage has sprung up in spite of obstacles, but it is with a twist—just as the acanthus did under the tile that was placed over the pot in which it grew, and from which the idea of the capital of a Corinthian column is said to have been taken.—*New Monthly*.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, Professor Ritchie gave some curious illustrations of his investigations on the conduction of voltaic electricity by different bodies. He was of opinion that the phenomena electro-magnetism and voltaic electricity was accountable for without regard to circulation or currents by the mere supposition of electric polarity of the molecules of the conducting medium. He proved, by experiment, that all the different conductors hitherto tried by him gave the same electro-magnetic result when transmitting the same quantity of voltaic electricity, and deflected the magnetic needle in an equal degree when their respective axes of conduction were at the same distance from it. Water contained in a glass cylinder of any diameter, being made the conductor in a galvanic apparatus, was found to produce the same deflection of a needle as wire employed under similar circumstances; and when charcoal or water was made the conductor, rotation round the pole of a magnet was found to result in the same manner as when wire was employed. In another experiment some water was poured into a hollow double cylinder of glass, and on being made the conductor of the voltaic electricity, was observed, by means of a floating vane, to revolve in a regular vortex, changing its direction as the poles of the battery were alternately reversed. When pure water, in a vessel with three compartments was used, the temperature was found to be higher in the positive than in the negative end, and considerably higher than either in the middle division. With metallic solutions the reverse was found to be the case.

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—We have no sooner the extraordinary monkey birth at the Regent's Park establishment, than we

find that a similar occurrence took place at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. A fine female (*Simia Hamadryas*) produced a young one on Saturday week, which no sooner entered this world of trouble than this cannibal infanticide, no doubt under the idea of better preservation, devoured it in a mouthful. This is the second instance of the same female breeding. Another rare occurrence in natural history has taken place in these gardens—that of the cassowary (*Casuarus Galeatus*) having laid several eggs; they are of a beautiful bright green colour, and nearly equal in size to those of the ostrich.

March of Music.—A Highland piper having a scholar to teach, thus initiated him into a knowledge of semi-breves, minims, crotchets, and quavers:—"You see that fellow with the white round open face (pointing to a semi-breve, between the two lines of a bar) he moves slowly from that line to this, while you beat one with your foot, and take a long blast. If you now put a leg to him, you make two of him, and he'll move twice as fast. If you blacken his face thus he'll run four times faster than the first fellow with the white face. And what think ye? after blackening his face thus, if you bend his knee, or tie his legs, he will hop you still eight times faster than the white faced fellow I showed you first. Now, whenever you blow your pipes Donald, remember this; the tighter those fellows legs are tied, the faster they will run, and the quicker they are sure to dance."

New Printing Machines.—Last week, at the Society of Arts, Edinburgh, there was exhibited a working model of the Haddington printing machine, invented by James Catleugh. The advantage that this new machine has over those at present in use are, that the types are stationary, and the pressure being applied by means of a plane surface or platten, instead of a cylinder, renders it less liable to wear the type to such an extent as most other printing machines. Mr. Winch, of Shoe Lane, London, has had a patent, some time, for machines of similar construction, two of which are at present in work.

Hunting by Steam.—A friend of mine startled me a little by stating that he occasionally took the same horse ninety miles to cover, and after a day's hunting, brought him home a like distance. "Unless you hunt by steam," I exclaimed, "it is impossible!" "Why," says he, "that's the whole secret. I go with my horse on board the steamer at Quebec, and reach Trois Riviere in good time to breakfast, hunt with my father-in-law, who keeps a pack, and return to Quebec by the afternoon boat."—*Ferguson's Notes on a Visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831, in Journal of Agriculture.*

Akenside.—"As a lyric poet, Akenside yields, on the whole, to Gray and Collins. He is defective in pathos; his images occasionally want warmth, and his verse melody; but his lyrical productions, nevertheless, exhibit a fine glow of sentiment, an ardent admiration of the great and good, an enthusiastic love of true liberty, an utter de-

testation of tyranny, and a fine sensibility to all the best and noblest feelings of the heart. Dryden's ode is the best adapted to the powers of music; Collins's ode of the passions to dramatic recitation; and Gray's bard to excite the sublime aspirations of a Miltonic reader; but, next to these, I think there can be no question that Akenside's ode to the Earl of Huntingdon is the finest and most powerful lyric poem in the language. In regard to grandeur of sentiment it stands the first."—*Bucke's Life of Akenside.*

The Cost of Newspapers.—The public are in general so little acquainted with the history of the newspaper they have eternally between their hands, that the following analysis of the expenses of a daily paper per year may be interesting to them:—

To the Subscriber,	£	s.	d.
At 7d. per day	9	2	0

Duty	4	4	0
Newsman	1	12	0
Paper-maker	1	6	0

£7 2 0

By deduction, there remain
forediting, writing, intelligence, printing, publishing, profit on capital..... £2 0 0
New Monthly.

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

NEW BOOKS.

STANLEY Buxton, or the School-fellows, by Galt, 3 vols. small 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.
Memoirs of Sir James Campbell, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 4s.
Visit to London, 18mo. half-bound, 2s. 6d.
Anna and her Doll, 18mo. half-bound, 2s. 6d.
Something New, 18mo. half-bound, 2s.
Jemmy Donkey, 18mo. half-bound, 2s. 6d.
Sherwood's (Mrs.) Dudley Castle, 18mo. half-bound, 1s. 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

Our improved sheet is now before our readers. We make no comment, but leave our exertions to their friendly consideration.

The title and index to Vol. I. will be given next week.

Vol. II. will be completed at Christmas. Annual volumes subsequently.

Several important new works next week.

Just published, the 4th edition, in 3 vols, 18mo. price 12s.

LAONICS: or, THE BEST WORDS of the BEST AUTHORS. With the Authorities given.

Edited by JOHN TIMBS.

"The title of this book is so good as almost to render explanation superfluous. It is one which may be taken up occasionally, and a little of it read with pleasure and profit: it is the result of a most extensive reading, assisted by a nice perception of merit."—*Ex.*
"There is a world of wit and wisdom in these three little volumes."—*Literary Gazette.*

S. W. SUSTENANCE, 162, Piccadilly.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

Elegantly Printed, price 1s. each.

KNOWLEDGE for the PEOPLE; or, the PLAIN WHY and BECAUSE.

By JOHN TIMBS, Editor of "Laonics," &c.

Part 1.—Domestic Science. (Second Edition.)

2, 4, 8, 9.—Zoology.

3.—Origins and Antiquities. (Second Edit.)

5, 12.—Popular Chemistry.

6.—Sports and Pastimes.

7.—Mechanics.

10.—Arts and Manufactures.

11.—Curious Customs.

13, 14.—Botany.

Or, in 3 vols. 12s. in cloth.

Part 15.—Mineralogy and Geology, on May 1.

Published by S. Low, 42, Lamb's Conduit Street.

Just published,
BIBLIOPHOBIA. Remarks on the present languid and depressed state of Literature and the Book Trade. In a Letter addressed to the Author of the Bibliomania.

By MERCURIUS RUSTICUS.

With Notes by CATO PARVUS.

"Fear is the order of the day. To those very natural and long established fears of bailiffs and tax-gatherers, must now be added the fear of Reform, of Cholera, and of Books."—P. 2.

HENRY BONN, 4, York Street, Covent Garden.

With a richly-coloured emblematical Frontispiece, Price 14. 1s.

THE AUTHENTIC RECORDS of the COURT of ENGLAND for the last Seventy Years.

Notwithstanding attempts have been made to SUPPRESS this work, on account of THE EXPOSURES OF STATE VILLANY it contains, the Public are respectfully informed that it will, in future, be published by J. PHILLIPS, at an office taken expressly for the purpose, 13, Wellington Street, Strand.

GELL'S POMPEII.

This day is published, complete in 2 vols.

POMPEIANA. The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii, the results of excavations since 1819.

By SIR WILLIAM GELL, M.A., F.R.S., &c.

Illustrated with 117 Engraved Plates and Vignettes from Drawings taken on the spot.

2 vols. Royal 8vo. price in cloth .. £6 6 0

Imperial 8vo. 7 10 0

Demy 4to. Proofs 10 16 0

Demy 4to. India Proofs, with

Etchings 18 18 0

Limited to 25 copies.

The above sizes are uniform with the first series by Sir W. Gell and J. P. Gandy.

There have been few, if any, subjects of antiquarian research which have excited more lively curiosity among the world at large than the excavations of Pompeii.

The favourable manner in which the former part of this work was received by the public has been demonstrated by the rapid sale of two editions. That portion contained an account of almost every thing worthy of notice which had been laid open by the excavations up to the period of its publication in 1819. The present work is intended, not only to supply the omissions of the former, but to describe those more recent discoveries which are by no means inferior in interest or singularity. In reference to the new materials afforded to the author, it may be noticed that, since the return of the legitimate sovereign, more than half of the Forum has been cleared, and the Senaculum or Temple of Jupiter, the Chalcidicum, the Temple of Mercury, the Pantheon, the Temple of Venus, that of Fortune, the Thermæ, and innumerable private houses, have been disinterred.

London: JENNINGS and CHAPLIN, 62, Cheapside.

BY AUCTION,

BY MR. SOTHEY AND SON,

Wellington Street, Strand,

On MONDAY next, April 9, and following Day, At Twelve o'Clock.

A VERY Choice and Elegant LIBRARY, the Property of a Bankrupt;

Containing Roubilliard, Musée Français, 4 tom.; Hogarth's Works, by Nicholls; Lavater's Physiognomy, 5 vols. morocco; Antiquarian Repertory, 4 vols. fine copy, in russia; Pinkerton's Voyages and Travels, 17 vols. fine copy; Holy Bible, by Mant, 3 vols. large paper; Strutt's Various Works, fine copies; Grose's Works, 14 vols. an original set, uniformly bound in russia, gilt leaves; Clarke's Travels, 6 vols.; Works of the English Poets, 21 vols.; The Gentleman's Magazine, complete, 149 vols. &c. &c.

The whole in excellent condition.

To which is added, the reserved portion of the CLASSICAL LIBRARY of a SCHOLAR, deceased; among them will be found, very many of the Editiones Principes, from the Aldine and other presses, principally bound in Russia and Morocco leather.

To be viewed, and Catalogues had at the place of Sale.

London: Published by WILLIAM TINDALL, (every Saturday,) at the OFFICE, 3, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

Sold by F. C. Westley, 165, Strand; W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; G. Purkess, 61, Wardour Street; Berger, Holywell Street, Strand; J. Thomas, Birchin Lane; J. Onwhyn, Catherine Street; and all Book-sellers in Town and Country.

G. Davidson, Printer, Serle's Place, Carey Street.